The Raymond Leader.

VOL. 10. RAYMOND, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1912. No 8

"THE BARRIER"

The dramatization of Rex Beach's "The Barrier" more than held its own, with the fine weather as a competing attraction, yesterday afternoon, when it was played to almost a full house at the Seattle Theatre, in spite of the sunshine and soft breezes without.

The company, headed by Norval MacGregor, is a capable one in every respect, and scene equipment is suggestively true enough to satisfy the critical judgement of most of those who have been North, and perhaps the more exacting judgement of those who have not.

The John Gale of Norval MacGregor is a convincing and effective characterization of the type of man who has reasons of his own for always keeping ahead of civilization, always haunting the outposts and fleeing from neighbors as he would from a plague. Mr. MacGregor looks, moves and speaks the part.

The Capt. Burrell of Lee Miller is well handled in the conventional way this role requires. The army officer in love is a type that permits of no deviation. Max Steinle finds plenty of comedy gold to pan in the role of No Creek Lee, the one-eyed prospector on whom fortune, after two score years, has smiled with lavish cordiality.

George Cleveland, as Poleon Dorret, the tragic figure, whose untutored virtues and charms are dimmed by the army officer's more resplendent attractions, is especially good. He handles his dialect with natural ease.

Bryce Howatson and George Byron are well cast as Stark and Runnion, the "bad" men with gory records as killers. J. H. Rollins and N. A. Gosome give an air of reality to the soldier life.

Eleanor Haber lends a wild Northern charm to the character of Necia, into which she instills the frank unconventionality of the frontier and the natural dignity of a woman who has an ancestral instinct for dignity and poise. Matilda Hyde plays the squaw Alluna well.

"The Barrier" is one of the best of the Seattle offerings for this season.—Review.

This play will be presented at the Raymond Opera House on Friday evening, Feb. 23rd.

Local News Items

BORN:—On Friday, Feb. 9th, to the wife of E. A. Stark, a daughter.

Miss Edna Kenney, who has been visiting in Tabor, returned home on Monday of last week.

Our night telephone operator, Miss Elva Fulmer, was confined to her home several days last week on account of illness.

Mr. James Walker and Miss Fannye Harris left on Saturday's train for Salt Lake City, where they have gone to be married.

Our Postmaster informs us that 10 bags of T. Eaton catalogues came to Raymond Tuesday, to be distributed among the people of Raymond. This shows that the people believe in keeping money at home in order to build sidewalks and improve our town.

Last week one of our prominent young ladies was going down Broadway, when she stumbled on the sidewalk between the hotel and post office. She stooped to remove the obstacle, but found that it was nailed to the sidewalk. We now have an extra "stub-toe nuisance" on the sidewalk in question.

The quarterly conference of the Taylor Stake that convened on Saturday and Sunday was very largely attended. Some very [illegible] agement was given the Saints. Magrath, Stirling, Tabor and other adjoining wards were very well represented. A number of the newly returned missionaries were heard from. They expressed themselves in regard to the Gospel and told of conditions found out in the world where they have been laboring. The Stake Presidency, as well as some of the other speakers, directed their remarks to the young people, encouraging them to lead pure and exemplary lives, as the eyes of the world were upon the Latter Day Saints, and that the world would judge the Saints by the actions of the young as well as the old. Some excellent singing by the choir, and also several other nice musical numbers were rendered.

TO DEVELOP UTAH

(continued from last week)

The potatoes stored away for seed came from hills where at least four marketable potatoes were found. No matter how nice a potato might be, or how ideal it was from every standpoint, if there were not at least four good potatoes in a hill they were all discarded. So in the seed of this year, Mr. Boyle has only those potatoes that came from hills that had four or more good, marketable potatoes to the hill.

Next year, the very best potatoes will be taken to plant another acre in the same way, and in the fall the standard will be raised to five marketable potatoes to the hill. The remainder of the potatoes in the pit, both big and little, will be used in planting in the regular fields. In this way, Mr. Boyle is showing the farmers how to raise the potatoes for seed that actually have a pedigree, and experiments in many places have shown the great value to be obtained from such seed selection. Mr. Boyle is enthusiastic over the outlook for potatoes in Utah, and with the high methods of irrigation and possible crop rotations, he believes the day will come when Utah will become one of the greatest potato producing states in the entire west.

THE UTILIZATION OF MOLASSES.

While studying at Cornell, Mr. Boyle learned in a general way that in the manufacture of beet sugar there remained over as a by-product a molasses that, even tho' it contained [illegible] 55 per cent sugar, could [illegible] found much use [illegible] ing at home. Upon his return to Utah he inquired about it and learned that beet factories here and in Idaho had sliced thousands of tons of it each year. Practically the entire [illegible] was being purchased by eastern companies, who were shipping it east at a heavy cost, and were using it extensively for stock feeding purposes.

Mr. Boyle believed that if the people could afford to ship it east and use it, that some method could be followed for the profitable utilization of the syrup by the people here.

While working on the problem, he learned that the Ellsworth brothers of Payson were successfully feeding it to hogs by simply diluting it greatly with water and throwing it over ordinary alfalfa hay. In fact, they were raising hogs with practically no other feed. With this suggestion, the using of syrup developed rapidly.

Farmers all over the state were informed of the possible value of the food, and many of the progressive ones purchased the material and gave it a trial. Most of the farmers were more than pleased with the molasses as a stock food and some of them, including Bishop Joseph Christensen of Gunnison and Bishop Pratt of Hinckley, obtained such splendid results that they declared they would rather have 100 pounds of the material than 100 pounds of any grain for fattening purposes. Some men, however, fed too much of the syrup and killed their hogs. Others allowed it to ferment, and in one case at least, the hogs got drunk.

James W. Paxman of Nephi obtained a large quantity of the molasses, diluted it with brine and sprayed it onto his dry farm straw as he thrashed. He is now wintering a large number of horses and cows on the straw, and the results obtained thus far are very encouraging.

Stephen L. Chipman of American Fork found that by chopping up poor grades of hay and mixing it with diluted molasses that his delivery horses did as well as when they were eating the best alfalfa hay and heavily fed oats. He found that by the using of molasses the feed bill was greatly reduced.

Various foundries of the state are now using the molasses in rather a novel way. They mix it with their moulding sand and they find that it answers the purpose as well as the more expensive materials. No doubt much of it will be used in the near future by these concerns.

In speaking of the matter, Mr. Boyle says that he cannot understand why the molasses has not been used by the farmers long before this. "In 1903," he declares, "I find that the agricultural experiment station at Logan conducted a two years' test with this syrup and found out that when hogs were selling for as low as $4 a hundred, live weight, this material had a feeding value of from 98c to $1.12 per hundred pounds, when compared with the prevailing prices of other foods.

From this analysis and by experiments he calculates that one quart of the molasses has the same feeding value as from three to four quarts of oats, and due to the conditioning effect of the material upon animals, it is found that horses that were working hard were in better condition when fed this molasses than when they were fed dry food alone. And the cost of the feed was reduced from 25 to 33 per cent. His results are substantiated by those from Montana, where one company is feeding over 5,500 tons a year. They found by mixing the molasses with cut alfalfa hay, the cattle made from one and [illegible] to two and one-half pounds daily gain and that up to four pounds, the molasses had the same feeding value as oats, for horses that were doing hard work. Hogs, while on alfalfa pasture and fed straight molasses at troughs at the rate of half a pound to one pound per day, given in three feeds, made twice the gain per day as compared with the pasture alone.

The great value of this molasses does not lie in its chemical analysis alone. In addition it has three important qualities. First—it can be use as a relisher. All animals, and especially horses and hogs, are very fond of sweet material, and since this is 55 per cent sugar, its sweetness cannot be questioned. The material can be sprayed, sprinkled, or mixed with poor grades of hay or straw and the stock will eat it readily. Second—It is believed to be a good preserver of foods. When sprayed on straw, as J. W. Paxman of Nephi used it, the straw and other materials upon which it is put, in all probability, will keep better. Third—On account of its purgative powers, it is especially valuable for animals that are being fattened quickly. When mixed with grain, a better digestion of foods can go on.

When it is considered that this material ranks above corn, wheat, rye, barley, clover, hay, green alfalfa, sugar beets, mangle beets, turnips and various other foods, in composition of digestible protein and rankiug high with many of them in digestible carbohydrates, it is readily seen why eastern people have been quietly purchasing the entire supply for all these years.

This work has been going on less than a year now, and thousands of pounds of it are at present being used by the farmers of Utah. If they will realize how splendid a food it is when it has been diluted well and used properly, and how dangerous it is if slipshod methods are followed in feeding it, it is believed that within a few years, enormous quantities of this material will be used here, and when farmers realize that the greatest profits of farming are going to come from cheapening the cost of production, rather than from any raise in price to the consumer, they will use such a valuable stock food and thus be able to raise more of the hogs and cattle that are now being consumed in Utah.

LOCALS

Mrs. Mark Boyer left on Wednesday's train for Salt Lake City, to be gone indefinitely.

Mr. Elisha Day, Jr., of Barnwell, was visiting in Raymond during the past week.

Mr. Joseph Ellison, of Aetna, stopped off at Raymond to visit his children last week while on his way to Utah.

Mr. John Kenney, his son, Bennett, and Rollo Kinsey left on Friday's train for Northern Arizona, where Mr. Kenney expects to take the management of a large cattle ranch.

The Basketball game Thursday evening at the Academy Gym, between the M. I. A. and Academy Teams, was very interesting and also quite largely attended. The score was 31-21 in favor of the K. A. boys.

Mr. Job Llewellyn, of Grassy Lake, was a conference visitor last week.

Mr. Fred Burton, editor of the Cardston Globe, paid the Leader Office a pleasant call on Saturday.

Last week we made an error in reporting Mr. Geo. Wall's stay in the Eastern States. He was away 23 months instead of 18.

MUSICAL CONTEST

Given by

The M. I. A. of the Taylor Stake.

Tuesday Evening, March 12th.

At the Raymond Meeting House, 8 p. m.

NUMBERS

1. Male Quartette.....“Until the Dawn.” (Parks)
2. Vocal Duett-Junior girls.....“Tell me, will my dream come true?” (Bramhall)
3. Recitation.....“The [illegible]” Open to all.
4. Soprano Solo-Senior girls.....“Voices of the Woods.” (Rubenstein)
5. Bass or Baritone Solo..“Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.”
6. Piano Solo-Juniors.....“Message of Love.” (Polka) Sudds.
7. Trio-Senior girls.....“Roses and Lilies.” (Evan Stephens)
8. Contralto Solo.....“Cradle Song.” (Kate Vannah)
9. Solo-Brass Instrument-Junior boys.....Own Selection.
10. Mixed Chorus.....“The Joy and the Song.” (Deseret Sunday School Song Book, Page 116)

1st and 2nd Cash Prizes will be awarded.

ADMISSION 15 and 35 cents.

Raymond Opera House

Friday February 23rd.

FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL TOUR

—OF—

THE BARRIER

REX BEACH'S MASTERPIECE

A Thrilling, Heart-Gripping Story of the Last Frontier.

Direct from its Long Run at the New Amsterdam Theatre New York City.

RAYMOND OPERA HOUSE

Coming Amusements.

Hereafter curtain raises at 8.45 sharp

TO-NIGHT

Character Ball, Thursday.

February 22nd.

“THE BARRIER”

Friday, February 23rd.

WHY SNIFFLE AND SNEEZE WITH CATARRHAL COLD?

By Breathing the Healing Vapor of Catarrhozone You Get Relief in Ten Minutes

Every second person that you meet seems to have a sneeze and stuffed feeling in the forehead and nostrils. Do cure promptly, say, in half an hour, there is nothing worth using except Catarrhozone. You inhale its balsamic vapor, and feel as if you were among the Norway pines. This is because Catarrhozone contains a healing medicine, light as pine air, which is breathed straight into the lungs and bronchial tubes. Away goes the cold; sneezing and catarrhal cough cease, bronchial irritation stops; in short, you are cured of catarrh by a pleasant, simple remedy, free from sedatives and irritants.

That Catarrhozone is a swift, certain means of destroying colds and catarrh is proved by the following statement of Mr. Pulos, one of Brockville's best known merchants:

"In the fall of 1903," writes Mr. Pulos, under date of June 10th, 1905, "I contracted a very severe cold which developed into Catarrh. At that time I was living in New York State and treated with four different physicians, who afforded me no relief. On coming to Brockville I was advised by a friend to try Catarrhozone. I bought the dollar outfit, and was gratified by the result. I was completely cured by Catarrhozone, and have used it since to check a cold, with unfailing results. It is the grandest medicine in existence, and I hope my testimony will be of some use to other fellow-sufferers.

(Signed) "George Pulos."

An ideal protection for the chest, lungs, nose, and throat is the frequent use of Catarrhozone. Two months' treatment (the large size) costs $1.00, medium sizes 50c.; at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

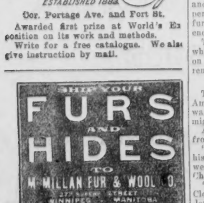
RAT KINGS

Animals born with tails generally develop considerable use for them, but a misfortune may happen to them that will cause them to wish they had no tails. A curious instance of this is what has been called a "rat king," in which, by an accident just after birth, the members of a litter of rats become connected by their tails so that it is impossible for them to extricate themselves.

This singular condition is said to be brought about by the tails becoming so entwined that, should a little clay adhere to them, they cannot be separated.

When this condition is perceived by the older rats the young are not left to perish, but are accorded the greatest care.

A "rat king" discovered and killed in Germany contained seven members in perfect condition, physically, except for the entanglement of the tails. These had grown in such a way as completely to entwine one another; but the rats were in good health, constitutional proof that astonishing as it may seem it has been bestowed upon them by their more fortunate rat brothers.



CANADA'S GREATEST SCHOOL

WINNIPEG Business College

ESTABLISHED 1886

Cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St.

Awarded first prize at World's Fair for position on its work and methods.

Write for a free catalogue. We also give instruction by mail.

SHIP YOUR FURS AND HIDES TO

McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY" WINNIPEG MANITOBA

WRITE FOR PRICES, TAGS, ETC. SHIP TO-DAY

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

That Reminds Me

Pelestrian: "Hey! You just missed me by an inch!"

Chauffeur: "Be patient, I'm coming back directly."

* * *

Muggins: "Who will be the next to take to back Jack Johnson?"

Glummie: "The undertaker."

* * *

Inspector: "Why do you think this dog was stolen from a lady?"

Constable: "Because as I walked down the street with it it stopped in front of all the drapers' windows."

* * *

"I want to marry you," said the rising young politician, bluntly.

"Why?" coyly asked the great heiress, preparing to listen to his impassioned confession.

"Well," he replied, "it would be a great advertisement for me."

* * *

Poor Jones was in a dilemma. It was Mrs. Jones's birthday, and her spouse was well aware that she would be extremely disappointed if no present was forthcoming. It was not until the morning when he awoke that he remembered it, so he had to spend some time thinking of the best way out of the difficulty.

Then he arose, crept downstairs, took the biggest plate he could find from the china-cupboard, and placed it on the hall table. This done, he opened the back door and let the dog in from the yard. Then, tripping lightly upstairs, he called to Mrs. J.:

"This being your birthday, I have prepared a little surprise for you; be quick and come and see how you like it."

Then he ran downstairs again and, hitting out the dog, cried in amazement and wrath, "If that vile beast hasn't eaten the whole of the beautiful cake I had bought for you!"

But he'd forgotten to unmuzzle the brute, and the fact took a lot of explaining away.

* * *

A man came up to the window of a small railroad station in Missouri and asked for a ticket to Kansas City, inquiring the price. "Two dollars and a quarter," said the agent.

The man dug down into a well-worn pocketbook and fished out a bill. It was a banknote for two dollars. It was all the money he had.

"How soon does this train got?" he inquired.

"In fifteen minutes," replied the agent.

The man hurried away and soon returned with three silver dollars.

"Pardon my curiosity," said the ticket-seller, "but how did you get that money? It isn't a loan, for I see you have disposed of the two-dollar bill."

"That's all right," said the man. "No, I didn't borrow. I went to a pawnshop and soaked the bill for a dollar and a half. Then, as I started to come away, an old acquaintance to whom I sold the pawn ticket gave me a dollar and a half. I then had three dollars and he has the pawn ticket, for which the two dollar bill stands as security."

* * *

Mr. Dosk and family were to remove into other quarters. "Where did you order the furniture-van, hubby?" inquired Mrs. Dosk.

"Ah, the furniture-van! I quite forgot it, I declare," was the meek rejoinder. "But stay! I have an idea; just you leave it to me." He rushed up his hat and went to see a well-known money-lender. "I want $1,500," said Dosk.

"I never lend money without ample security."

"I can let you have my furniture, and am prepared to pay you interest at the rate of one-third per cent. per diem."

"That makes 122 per cent. per annum," silently calculated the usurer, and consented.

"But the sheriff's officer may come any minute and seize the furniture; you will have to fetch it away at once."

"I see," grinned the usurer. "I shall be done." He counted out the money and sent for the furniture.

The next day Mr. Dosk called again and paid back the $1,500 and one-third per cent. interest ($5), and directed the furniture to be sent to his new residence.

The usurer had to grin and bear it, whilst Mr. Dosk congratulated himself on effecting a cheap and expeditious removal of his household goods.

* * *

The late Edwin A. Abbey, the American painter, who lived in London, was only comfortably off, whereas he might have been rich.

A Chicago art dealer, just returned from Europe, said:

"I dined one evening with Abbey in his house in Chelsea, and after dinner we walked in the blue twilight on the Chelsea embankment.

"As we passed Old Swan House and Cheyne House, and the other superb residences that front the river, I reproached Abbey for his extravagance.

"'Why,' I said, pointing toward Clock House, 'if you had saved your money you might be living in a palace like that to-day.'

"But Abbey, with a laugh, rather got the better of me. He rattled off this epigram—and it's an epigram that always remember when I'm tempted to be parsimonious:

"'Some folks,' he said, 'are so busy putting something by for a rainy day that they get little or no good out of pleasant weather.'"

* * *

The friend who strolled into the studio of D'Orbay, the great artist, was deeply interested in the finishing touches which were being given the latest masterpiece from D'Orbay's brush.

But when the famous artist began to rub a piece of raw meat over the painted rabbit in the foreground, the friend was more than interested; he was astonished.

"What on earth is the idea in that?" he asked.

D'Orbay smiled.

"Well, you see," he explained, "Mrs. Meelyans is coming to see this picture this afternoon. She likes things realistic, but she hasn't any idea of art. When she sees her pet dog smell that rabbit and get excited over it, she'll buy it on the spot. Cheap the idea?"

* * *

Robert Hilliard, the actor, who stars in the role of a hero, went to a physician not long ago and was told he would have to undergo a slight operation.

"All right, doctor," said Hilliard. "There's only one thing I ask of you: Please don't hurt me."

Explaining that it would be foolish to administer an anaesthetic for such a slight operation, the doctor promised to be as gentle as possible. Hilliard squirmed and wriggled and protested in no uncertain tones when the remedial knife was doing its work.

After it was all over the doctor asked: "You are an actor, aren't you, Mr. Hilliard?"

"Yes," answered Hilliard.

"And you play heroic roles—you act the hero, do you not?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well," concluded the doctor, "all I've got to say is that you're a good actor."

* * *

A man had for years employed a steady German workman. One day Jake came to him and asked to be excused from work next day.

"Certainly, Jake," beamed the employer, full as he was of good nature. "What's the matter?"

"Well," said Jake, slowly, "I think I must go by mein wife's funeral. She died yesterday."

After the lapse of a few weeks Jake again approached the boss for a day off.

"Well, Jake, but what are you going to do this time?"

"Aber," said Jake, slowly, "I think I must go by mein wife's funeral. She dies yesterday."

After the lapse of a few weeks Jake again approached the boss for a day off.

"All right, Jake, but what are you going to do this time?"

"Aber," said Jake. "I go to make me, mein friend, married again."

"What? So soon? Why it's only been three weeks since you buried your wife."

"Ach!" replied Jake. "I don't hold spite long."

* * *

A man had for years employed a steady German workman. One day Jake came to him and asked to be excused from work the next day.

"Certainly, Jake," beamed the employer. "What are you going to do?"

"Well, Jake, slowly, "I think I must go by mein wife's funeral. She dies yesterday."

"Aber," said Jake. "I go to make me, mein friend, married again."

"What? So soon? Why it's only been three weeks since you buried your wife."

"Ach!" replied Jake. "I don't hold spite long."

With the Horses

The imaginative mind of the turf writer is well described in the report which appeared in one of the leading journals devoted to harness horse interests to the effect that Vernon McKinney (2.02), The Ed (2.02¼), Earl Jr. (2.02¼), Darkey Hal (2.02¾), Hal Jr. (2.03), Major Brino (2.04¾), and Jennie W. (2.04½) would come together on the ice this winter.

Now, if a race with the horses named could be arranged it would be "some" race to be sure, but yo gold! how the speeches of that kind must have stretched his imagination. Vernon McKinney is in California with the horses of B. J. Mackenzie's collection of steppers, Earl Jr. is now in owner P. M. Jones' stable in British Columbia, Darkey Hal has long since been retired to the brood mare ranks, having been mated with Hal B. Jr.; Peter Scanlan has no intention of racing Hal B. Jr. this winter, as the horse was thrown out of training upon his return home in Sebringville early in October, and William Hodson informed the writer some weeks since that he would not attempt to race Major Brino on ice this winter, as the old gelding (he is now in his fifteenth year) had gone through a strenuous campaign during the summer season and would not be asked to race again until next summer, when he proves to be O.K., another campaign will be mapped out for him.

This would leave The Ed and Jennie W. to race. Rather a small percentage of the original collection.

John E. Swarts, owner of Darkey Hal, was in Toronto recently, and when shown the report about his mare going to race on the ice, laughed heartily, for, as he said, Darkey Hal never could pace on ice, and even if she were in racing condition, which she is not, it would be folly to try to race her in the winter.

However, there will be plenty of high-class horses out this winter, and the public will be treated to some capital contests.

A number of trainers in the United States have made stake entries for the Ottawa and Hull Driving Club's meetings, and experience has taught them that it takes a real capable horse to win over here on the ice, so it is a sure thing they will bring along some good ones.

* * *

The track at Dufferin Park during the past few days has been really the best in its long history, and while there has been no ice, the footing could not be improved upon for training purposes, and the local trainers have not been slow in taking advantage of the favorable conditions.

In addition to the work of "Big Ben," the pacer that did so well the other day, several other steeds did things.

Alf. Sam McBride worked his trotter Lena Vale, 2.21¼, a mile in 2.35 handily. This mare is in rare good form right now, and will surely give a good account of herself on race day.

Nat Ray worked several of the horses owned by J. E. Gray, but none fast. The little stallion, Knight Onward, 2.11¼, was sent along a mile in 2.24, which is the best any of this stable have been asked to do. The Knight looks exceptionally well, having taken on considerable flesh since he returned from his successful campaign on the half mile tracks across the border. He is developing a great deal more speed since last seen here, and Nat has great confidence in his ability to carry it the distance.

The four-year-old mare, Black Cat, was worked at 2.27, apparently well within her speed limit. This is a clever trotter, and one that should be a winner next year in her five-year-old form, if not this winter. She will be the stable's reliance in the trotting stakes on the ice. The other horses in Ray's string were all given slow work. Nat is own two, John McEwan, 2.08¾, and Dr. Wilkes, 2.19¾, and Mr. Grey's three-year-old Delphi McKerrow, all pleasing their trainer.

Dr. Black sprung another surprise on the boys when he had his fast pacer, King Bryson, march a mile in 2.20½, the importance of which can best be estimated by the fact that last year he went the entire mile fully three seconds faster at the same place on the track, record for a trotter is 2.19¼, made by Margot L. ward, 2.17¼, last summer. King Bryson is entered for a champion without showing the slightest trace of the lameness which kept him out of racing for several months, and those present who saw him perform freely expressed the opinion that the game little horse could come towards the track record if not his own, had he been called upon to do so. The more people saw the work of King Bryson, the more wonderful it appears, and unlimited credit is due Dr. Black for his skillful handling of the horse's case.

Messrs. Proctor, Wilkins and Gray were on hand to see Rose McGirr work their new purchase, Adrian Polaret, but Rose did not attempt any fast work with the stallion, contenting himself with riding several miles, the fastest of which was around 2.40. Adrian Polaret is a clever-looking pacer, and he looks like one that will race some.

Jack Rombough, of Hamilton, dropped in the big city one day this week to report progress. He recently bought a green pacing mare that he is very enthusiastic about. She is a five-year-old bay mare by the unbeaten Direct Hal, 2.04¼, and out of the good mare, Nellie Rowan, 2.10¼ (sire of Hoda B., 2.10¼), by the noted sire of pacers, Rowan Rocket.

This mare was never trained until coming into Rombough's hands, but from what she has already shown, Jack is firmly convinced that she will take the place of his old favorite, La Point, 2.09¼, that was so many races for him a few years ago. The new mare is one of the good-looking pacers that will be seen in the Hamilton district next season. Jack's information is that Direct, the sire of her dam, is now owned by Messrs. Ward, of Toronto, and he intends to see if he can not secure the horse for his own another good one.

BODILY SIGNS OF KNIGHTLY DESCENT

Is it possible for the customs and habits of a social class, practised for generation after generation, to leave their own impress on far-distant descendants, long after those customs have ceased to be? At least one French anthropologist believes that he can trace in modern families the marks of descent from armour-bearing ancestors. Dr. P. Richer, writes in the Revue Scientifique, says that when he has found these marks on families not now in good social position he has discovered an investigation that they were of gentle descent. Foremost among marks of this kind Dr. Richer considers to be "stigmata of chivalry" are the so-called "birthmarks," known by anatomists as naevi, when found on certain regions of the body.

The writer goes on to show that the cause of hereditary marks by warriors in the age of chivalry would be likely to irritate the cheek and neck in precisely these regions where he has found the "birthmarks" that he believes to be hereditary marks of knighthood." The argument is too long to quote here, but it seems plausible. One can only, of course, take the final step in it without believing that acquired characteristics may be inherited—a much-contested question in biology, answered by most Darwinists in the negative, but by many French scholars, who are the leaders of the school of Lamarck, in the affirmative. Brown would thus have us believe, not perhaps that the wearing of an iron-clad headpiece by one individual would affect his descendants, but that such a headpiece, repeated for a long period of generation after generation in an armor-bearing family, finally ended by producing results hereditarily transmissible to generations that had ceased to wear the iron-clad headpiece, but had nevertheless transmitted were other peculiarities, which he thinks, were what he calls "the martial hand"—the modification engendered by constantly wielding a sword. He writes:

"This hand, while normally formed on its back, is much swelled on its palmar side by abnormal development of its flexing muscles. In its appearance it resembles that of masons and laborers who also, in handling trowel or mortar, or in driving the plow, have frequently to clench the fist and bend the fingers as in the exercise of arms. All, as might be foreseen, have powerful calves. There is one difference, however. When the arms were held at sides, as in walking, the masons and laborers have the hands backward, in 'pronation.' The sons of soldiers, on the other hand, hold them parallel to the axis of the body, by simple tension of the supinator muscles, so necessary in the movements of external rotation required by the handling of the sword.

"This fact did not escape so clear an observer as Salzac, who has formulated it in these terms: 'In families where the occupation of arms is traditional, it communicates to the men a sort of distinction in bearing and to the women an indefinable grace.'

"In this connection a peculiar thing may be mentioned—the members of the Rohan family have from generation to generation had a white patch in their hair, with sometimes a few exceptions. This is apparently the result, by a regular phenomenon of some wound received long ago on the field of battle.

"We must not exaggerate, and we may have to admit many cases such as the following: 'Show me your skin and I will tell you whether you are of a large nature or a small one.' The individual may have an absolutely normal skin; but nevertheless in the species, as always, heredity does not abandon its prerogatives."

ERUPTION OF TAAL VOLCANO

The eruption on Taal volcano, in the Philippines, which took place on January 30th, 1911, and caused a loss of 1,500 lives, has been the subject of a large number of important papers by the scientific journals, besides the official reports of the Philippine Bureau of Science. One of the most graphic descriptions is that of Rev. M. Saderra Mass, which is published as a special bulletin of the Philippine Weather Bureau. This account is noteworthy for the attention devoted to the meteorological and seismological features of the eruption, and in this respect it is an important contribution to the science of vulcanology. This volcano has been the seat of repeated disastrous eruptions, the greatest of which was that of 1754. All the eruptions of which a record has been preserved have had the same character as the recent one consisting of violent explosions which hurled the volcanic products to great distances. The huge vapor column of the last explosion rose to a height of from 20,000 to 30,000 feet, and was seen 250 miles away, where it was mistaken for a distant thunderstorm. One remarkable feature of the eruption is that no lava has ever issued from it in a liquid state, the ejecta being blown to dust and ashes by the pressure of steam or gases. The late eruption appears to have been marked by unusually magnificent displays of volcanic lightning. For three days preceding the eruption a constant succession of seismic shocks were felt over a large area, which caused much alarm in Manila, until the Weather Bureau located the epicenter in the region of the Taal volcano. The actual eruption produced at the moment of the explosion and the resulting diminution of atmospheric pressure, a very strong wind blowing in toward the volcano. This wind was felt as far away as Manila (69 miles). At points nearer the volcano it assumed almost hurricane violence, impeding the movements of people who were trying to flee against it, producing tremendous waves on Lake Bombon, causing sheets of iron roofing to be blown about, etc. At a distance of 14 miles Father Mass saw the cogon grass lying like wheat which had been beaten down by a storm. He is of the opinion, in accordance with the general motion, in accordance with the general laws of storms, so as to produce a transient force of or whirlwind. The atmospheric waves propagated outward from the volcano were recorded on biographs to a distance of 200 miles.

REDMOND'S OPINION

The following opinion recently expressed by John Redmond is an old one, although his character and the cause he advocates. Mr. Redmond said:

"I have been asked to state exactly what an Irish Parliament would do if created to-morrow. In such a parliament, many of the old fighting faces of men who took part in winning the restoration of the parliament will be present, but there will be many other men there—men of moderate views on both sides of existing controversies, who have been quite unable, owing to the circumstances, to take part in the work of the Imperial parliament.

"There will be many business men there who are precluded absolutely from serving their country in the parliament at Westminster. There will be many professional men there—men representing science, literature, and art. There will be representatives of the old landed gentry, and men of all classes. And, if I understand the feeling of Irishmen aright, they will have non-Catholics in that house in a far larger proportion than their numbers would warrant, as compared with the Catholics of the country. The old prejudices will have disappeared, and there will be no fierce controversies to arouse passion in our country. The last of those controversies centred round the land question, which has already been settled. Those in England who will be looking out for violent scenes, extravagant language, or revolutionary proposals will be woefully disappointed. Our proceedings will be orderly. We will be engaged on the work endeavoring to put our house in order, and of settling questions which the imperial parliament was incapable of settling."

A CANADIAN BLUE

Mr. Howard R. L. Henry, of Winnipeg, a Rhodes scholar, has just won a unique distinction at Oxford. He is the only Canadian at either Oxford or Cambridge this year to get his full blue, this being for Association football. An athlete receives his "blue" in England when he has been chosen and has competed as member of a representative university team or crew. Mr. Henry, who has just completed his course at Oxford, has also been called to the English bar at the Inner Temple, London, being presented by Mr. Justice Dodge, K.C., M.P., and will practise law in Winnipeg on his return.

Mr. Henry is a nephew of Dr. George A. Bingham, one of the well-known Toronto surgeon, and of the latter's brother, Dr. H. S. Bingham, of Dovercourt road, Toronto.

PROOF FOR WOMEN WHO STILL SUFFER

THAT THEY CAN FIND RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Mrs. Lois McKay Suffered From Pains in the Back, Side and in the Region of the Heart—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her

Riverton, Digby Co., N.S.—Every day seems to bring a message of the 'r for the weak, run-down women of Canada. Today a message comes from Mrs. Lois McKay, a well-known resident of this place. She, like others, has found new life in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Before I used Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mrs. McKay states, "I suffered with a bad pain in my back and side, pains in my bowels, and sharp, cutting pains around the heart.

"I was always tired. Sometimes when I sat down I could hardly get up out of the chair. But thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills, my pain is all gone and my back is well. I have proven for myself that Dodd's Kidney Pills are good." Female trouble is nearly always caused by diseased kidneys. The purification of the female organs and the Kidneys shows how one is dependent on the other. That is why weak women find new life in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They always cure diseased Kidneys.

NERVILINE

Swift Cure for Croup

"Last year two of my children were taken with croup. I rubbed Nerviline on their throat and chest and gave it internally, also. I also got the children to inhale 'Catarrhozone.'. No repeats could have worked more satisfactorily. I can recommend mothers to use Nerviline; it's a fine liniment.

(Signed) "Mrs. P. E. Knechler,
"Harriston P.O."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste, and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Syrup.

You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 121

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

McBEAN BROS. GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

This season it is imperative for the farmer to get every cent possible out of his grain, and as we have been in the grain business since 1882, we should be able to offer the farmer the best advice possible on the subject of marketing his grain. The closing of navigation is an argument why grain will be lower in price. Write us for full particulars. Send us a 5 or 8 ounce sample of your grain and we will grade it and advise you its real value. You will then be convinced, when you make comparison with street prices, that this is the only proper method to market grain. We are licensed and bonded, and we refer you to any Commercial Agency or Bank in Winnipeg.

NOTE—Farmers who are near enough the Great Northern Railway to load cars with barley should write us for particulars about shipping to Minneapolis. We are setting our farmer customers, who can ship barley on this road, from five to 15c per bushel more than by shipping to either Fort William or Port Arthur, besides paying the 30c per bushel more.

Grain Exchange **McBEAN BROS.** Winnipeg, Man.

WALL PLASTER

Plaster board takes the place of Lath, and is fireproof

The "Empire" brands of Woodfiber and Hardwall Plaster for good construction.

SHALL WE SEND YOU PLASTER LITERATURE?

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN. 121

CORNS, CORNS, CORNS

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, every kind of corns that other remedies fail to cure—that's a good many—yield quickly to Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Used forty years in many lands. Largest sale in the world. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The name, you see, tells its story. It removes corns and does it painlessly, but here is a pointer: Be sure you get Putnam's. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

The Ethics of Pig

(By O. Henry)

On an east-bound train I went into the smoker and found Jefferson Peters, the only man with a brain-west of the Wabash River who can use his cerebrum cerebellum, and medulla oblongata at the same time.

Jeff is in the line of unillegal graft. He is not to be dreaded by widows and orphans; he is a reducer of surplusage. His favorite diagnosis is that of the target-bird at which the spend-thrifts or the reckless investor may shy a few inconsequential darts. He is readily vocalized by tobacco; so, with the aid of two thick and easy-burning breves, I got the story of his latest Autolycan adventure.

"In my line of business," said Jeff, "the hardest thing is to find an upright, trustworthy, strictly honorable partner to work a graft with. Some of the best men I ever worked with in a swindle would resort to trickery at times. So last summer I thinks I will go over into the section of country where I hear the serpent has not yet entered, and see if I can find a partner naturally gifted with a talent for crime, but not yet contaminated by success.

"I found a village that seemed to show the right kind of a layout. The inhabitants hadn't found out that Adam had been dispossessed of heaven going right along naming the animals and taking a snake just as if they were in the Garden of Eden. They call this town Mount Nebo, and it's up near the spot where Kentucky and West Virginia and North Carolina corner together. Them States don't meet? Well, it was in that neighborhood, anyway.

"After putting in a week proving I wasn't a revenue officer, I went over to the store where the four-flushers of the hamlet lies, to see if I could get a line on the kind of man I wanted.

"'Gentlemen,' says I, after we had rubbed noses and gathered 'round the dried-apple barrel, "I don't suppose there's another community in the whole world into which sin and chicanery has less extensively permeated than this. Life here, where all the women are brave and propitious and all the men honest and expedient, must indeed be an idyl. It reminds me,' says I, 'of Goldsmith's beautiful ballad entitled "The Deserted Village," which says:

"'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
What art can drive its charms away;
The judge rode slowly down the lane, [illegible]
For I'm to be Queen of the May.'

"'Why, yes, Mr. Peters, says the storekeeper, 'I reckon we air about as moral tuttiful a community as there be on the mounting, according to ver sions of opinion; but I reckon you ain't ever met Isiah Tatum.'

"'Why, no,' says the town con- [illegible] 'he can't illfully have ever. That air Tatum is short the number one scalawag that has escaped hangin' on the gallows. And that puts me in mind that I ought to have a warrant out of the lockup day before yesterday. The thirty days he got for killin Yance Hollow was up Tuesday. A day or two more won't hurt Rufe, any, though.'

"'Shucks, now,' says I, in the mountain idiom, 'don't tell me there's a man in Mount Nebo as bad as that.'

"'Worse,' says the storekeeper. 'He steals hogs.'

"'I think I will look up this Mr. Tatum; as a day or two with the constable turned him out I got acquainted with him and invited him out on the edge of town to sit on a log and talk business.

"'What I wanted was a partner with a natural rural manner to play a part in some little one-act outrage that I was going to book with the Pitfall and Gin circuit in some of the Western towns; and this R. Tatum was born for the role as sure as nature cast Fairbanks for the part that kept Eliza from sinking into the river.

"'He was about the size of a first baseman; and he had ingenuous blue eyes like a china dog on the mantelpiece that Aunt Harriet used to play with when she was a child. His hair waved a little bit like the stuff of the dickus-thrower in the Vacation at Rome, but the color of it reminded you of the 'Sunset in the Grand Canon by an American artist,' that they hang over the sixty-pipe lotos in the calooge. He was the Reub, without meaning to touch. You'd have known him for one even if you seen him on the vaudeville stage with one end of a scythe and a straw over his ear.

"'I told him what I wanted, and found him ready to jump at the job.

"'Overlooking such a trivial little peccadillo as his habit of manslaughter,' says I, 'what have you accomplished in the way of indirect brigandage or non-violent turpitude that you could point to, with or without pride, as an evidence of your qualifications for the position?'

"'Why,' says he, in his kind of Southern system of procrastinated accents, 'hain't you heard tell? There ain't any man, black or white, in the Blue Ridge that can tote off a shoat as easy as I can without hein' heard, seen, or catched. I can lift a shoat,' he goes on, 'out of a pen, from under a porch, at the trough, in the woods, day or night, anywhere or for anyone, and I guarantee nobody won't hear a peep. It's just the way you grab hold of 'em and carry of business as a hear rail on Bay State Gas. However, in this as a guarantee of good faith. We'll go into partner-shiz' you got a thousand dollars cash capital; and with that homewardsome almosphere of yours we ought to be able to win out a few shares of Soon Parlard, preferred, in the money market.'

"'So I attaches Rufe, and we go away from Mount Nebo down into the lowlands. And all the way I coach him for his part in the graft; I had in mind. I had piled away two months on the Florida coast, and was feeling all to the Pinkus of my heart to leave sing so many new schemes up my sleeve that I had to wear kimonos to hold 'em.

"'I intended to assume a funeral shape and maw a path nine miles wide through the farming belt of the Middle West; so we headed in that direction. But when we got as far as Lexington we found Binkley Brothers's circus there, and the blue-grass peasantry romping into town and pounding the Belgian blocks with their hand-pegged shoats as artless and naughty as an extra session of a Datto Bryan dame. I never pass a circus without pulling the valve-cord and coming down for a little Key West money; so I engaged a couple of rooms and a board for Rufe and me at a house near the circus grounds run by a widow lady named Sayles. Then I took Rufe to a hitching store and gent's-outfitted him. He is avowed up strong, as I knew he would, after he was rigged up in his ready-made rutabaga regalia. Me and old Misfitsky stuffed him into a right blue suit with a lot of loose visible plaid effect, and riveted on a fancy vest of a light Tuskegee Normal tan color, a red scarf and the yellowest pair of shoes in town.

"'They were the first clothes Rufe had ever worn except a jumper, he says, and the buttermut top-dressing of his native kraal, and he looked as self-conscious as an ignorant boy with a new nose ring.

"'That night I went down to the circus tents and opened a small shell game. Rufe was to be the capper. I gave him a roll of phony currency to bet with and kept a bunch of it in a special pocket to pay his winnings out of. Now, I didn't instruct him but I simply can't manipulate the ball to lose when I see real money bet. My fingers go on a strike every time I try it.

"'I set up my little table and began to show them how easy it is to win money if you know the game. The unlettered hinds gathered in a thick semi-circle and nudged each other in elbows and banter one another to bet. Then was when Rufe ought to have single-footed up and balled the turn; the little joker for a few tens and fives to get them started. But, on Rufe, I'd seen him two or three times walking about and looking at the side-show pictures with his mouth full of peanut candy; but he never came nigh.

"'The crowd piked a little; but trying to work the shell game during a paper is like fishing without bait. I closed the game with only forty-two dollars of the seventeen hundred that I had been counting on yanking the yeomen for two hundred at least.

"'Rufe and me meets up to Teal. I supposed that the circus had proved a blight to his business, and that he succumbed to it, concert and all; but I meant to give him a lecture on general business principles if I found Rufe out of the lockup day before yesterday. The thirty days he got for killin Yance Hollow was up Tuesday. A day or two more won't hurt Rufe, any, though.'

"'Shucks, now,' says I, in the mountain idiom, 'don't tell me there's a man in Mount Nebo as bad as that.'

"'Worse,' says the storekeeper. 'He steals hogs.'

"'I think I will look up this Mr. Tatum; as a day or two with the constable turned him out I got acquainted with him and invited him out on the edge of town to sit on a log and talk business.

"'What I wanted was a partner with a natural rural manner to play a part in some little one-act outrage that I was going to book with the Pitfall and Gin circuit in some of the Western towns; and this R. Tatum was born for the role as sure as nature cast Fairbanks for the part that kept Eliza from sinking into the river.

"'He was about the size of a first baseman; and he had ingenuous blue eyes like a china dog on the mantelpiece that Aunt Harriet used to play with when she was a child. His hair waved a little bit like the stuff of the dickus-thrower in the Vacation at Rome, but the color of it reminded you of the 'Sunset in the Grand Canon by an American artist,' that they hang over the sixty-pipe lotos in the calooge. He was the Reub, without meaning to touch. You'd have known him for one even if you seen him on the vaudeville stage with one end of a scythe and a straw over his ear.

"'I told him what I wanted, and found him ready to jump at the job.

"'Overlooking such a trivial little peccadillo as his habit of manslaughter,' says I, 'what have you accomplished in the way of indirect brigandage or non-violent turpitude that you could point to, with or without pride, as an evidence of your qualifications for the position?'

"'Why,' says he, in his kind of Southern system of procrastinated accents, 'hain't you heard tell? There ain't any man, black or white, in the Blue Ridge that can tote off a shoat as easy as I can without hein' heard, seen, or catched. I can lift a shoat,' he goes on, 'out of a pen, from under a porch, at the trough, in the woods, day or night, anywhere or for anyone, and I guarantee nobody won't hear a peep. It's just the way you grab hold of 'em and carry of business as a hear rail on Bay State Gas. However, in this as a guarantee of good faith. We'll go into partner-shiz' you got a thousand dollars cash capital; and with that homewardsome almosphere of yours we ought to be able to win out a few shares of Soon Parlard, preferred, in the money market.'

"'Well, well, well, good morning all,' I says, hearty and amiable. 'So we are up! And piggy is having his breakfast. What had you intended doing with that pig, Rufe?'

"'I'm going to crate him up,' says Rufe, 'and express him to ma in Mount Nebo. He'll be company for her while I am away.'

"'He's a mighty fine pig,' says I, scratching him on the back.

"'I can easily sell him a lot of names last night,' says Rufe.

"'Oh, well,' says I, 'he looks better to me than anything. I was raised on a farm, and I'm very fond of pigs. I used to go to bed at sundown, so I never saw a pig get sausaged before. Tell you what I'll do, Rufe,' I says. 'I'll give you ten dollars for that pig.'

"'Sold!' says Rufe, so quick I think shoat,' says he. 'If it was any other one I might.'

"'What's wrong with this one?' I asked, fearful that he might know something.

"'Why, because!' says he, 'it was the grandfather of every pig I have. There ain't airy other sam that could compete with him. I ever have a fireside and children, I'll sit down at it and tell 'em how their daddy toted off a shoat from a mob so chock full of people. And maybe my grandchildren, too. They'll certainly be proud a while passed. Why,' says he, 'there was two tents, one openin' into the other. The shoat was on a platform, tied with a rope to a ring in the ground, and I'm with a fine chance of bushy white hair in the other tent. I got the shoat and crawled out under the canvas and again without his squealin' as loud as a mouse. I put him under my coat, and I walked a hundred feet or more before I got out where the streets was lined. I reckon I wouldn't sell that shoat, Jeff, if I went ma to keep it, so there'd be a witness to what I done.'

"'The pig won't live long enough,' I says, 'to use as an exhibit in your semi-legitimate industry. Your grandchildren will have to take your word for it. I'll give you one hundred dollars for the animal.'

"Rufe looked at me astonished.

"'The shoat can't be worth anything like that to you,' he says. 'What do you want him for?'

"'Viewing me casuistically,' says I, with a rare smile, 'you wouldn't think that I've got an aitigic side to my temper. But I have. I'm a collector of pigs. I've scoured the world for unusual pigs. Over in the Wabash Valley I've got a hog ranch with most every specimen in it, from a Merino to a Poland China. This looks like a blonded pig to me, Rufe,' says I. 'I'm willing to add it to my collection. Why I'd like to have it.'

"'I'd shore like to accommodate you,' says he, 'but I've got the artistic temement, too. I don't see why I ain't art when you can steal a shoat better than anybody else can. Shoats is a kind of inspiration and genius with me. Specially this one. I wouldn't take two hundred and fifty for that animal.'

"'Now, listen,' says I, wiping off my forehead. 'I'm as much a lover of art for business with me as it is art; and not so much so as it is called business. Business is art. Art is temperamental. I wouldn't feel like selling a shoat under a thousand. I added that Berkshire to my collection. Not intrinsically, but according to the ethics of the game. I'm a lover and adjuster of mankind. I offer you five hundred dollars for the animal.'

"'Jeff,' says this perk esthete, 'ain't money; it's sentiment with me.'

"'Seven hundred,' says I.

"'Make it eight hundred,' says Rufe, 'and I'll crush the sentiment out of my bosom.'

"I went under my clothes for my money-belt, and counted him out forty bills and twenty gold certificates.

"'I'll just take him into my own room,' says I, 'and lock him up till after breakfast.'

"I took the pig by the hind leg. He turned on a squeal like the steam collinpe at the circus.

"'Let me carry him in for you,' says Rufe; and he picks up the beast under one arm, holding his snout with the other hand, and puts him into my room like a sleeping baby.

"After breakfast Rufe, who had a chronic case of hebetudinary ever since I got his trousseau, says he believes he'd take a stroll down to Medisky's and look over some coral-purple socks. And then I got as busy as a one-armed man with the settle-rack pasting on wall-paper. I found an old negro man with an express wagon to hire; and we loaded pig in a crate and drove down to the circus grounds.

"'I found George B. Tapley in a little tent with a sow-flap open. He was a fattish man with a big immediate eye, in a black skull-cap, with a four-footed beast embroidered into the bosom of his red sweater.

"'Are you George B. Tapley?' I says.

"'I swear it,' says he.

"'Well, I've got it,' says I.

"'Well, I reckon you have,' says he.

"'Are you the guy in the Asiatic python or the alfalfa for the sacred buffalo?'

"'Neither,' says I. 'I've got Beppo, the educated hog, in a sack in that wagon. I found him rooting up the flowers in my front yard this morning. I'll take the five thousand dollars in large bills, if it's handy.'

"George B. backs out of his tent and asks me to follow. We went into one of the side-shows. In there was a jet black pig with a pink ribbon around his neck tying on some hay and eating carrots that a man was feeding him.

"'Hev, Mac,' calls G. B. 'Nothing wrong with the world-wide this morning, is there?'

"'Him? No,' says the man. 'He's got an appetite like a chorus girl at 1 a.m.'

"'How'd you get this pipe?' says Tapley to me. 'Eating too many pull-chews last night?'

"'I pulls out the paper and shows him the ad.

"'Beppo,' I says he. 'Don't know anything about it. You've beheld with your own eyes the marvellous world-wide porcine wonder of the four-footed kingdom eating with preternatural sagacity his naturinal meal, unstrayed and unstole. Good morning.'

"'I was beginning to see. I got in the wagon and told Uncle Ned to drive to the most adjacent orifice of the nearest alley. There I took out my big, got the range carefully for the other opening, set his sights, and gave him such a kick that he went out the other end of the alley twenty feet ahead of his squeal.

"'Then I paid Uncle Ned his fifty cents, and walked down to the newspaper office. I wanted to have it in cold syllables. I got the advertising man to his window.

"'To-day's bets,' says I, 'wasn't the man who had this ad. put in last night short and fat, with long, black whiskers and a club-foot?'

"'He was not,' says the man. 'He would measure about six feet by four and a half inches, with curse-silk hair, and dressed like the pansies of the conservatory.'

"'At dinner time I went back to Mrs. Peevey's.

"'Gosh! I keep some soup hot for Mr. Tatum till he comes back!' she says.

"'If you do, ma'am,' says I, 'you'll more than exhaust for firewood all the coal in the bosom of the earth and all the forests of the region of Cut.'

"'So there, you see,' said Jefferson Peters, in conclusion, 'how hard it is to find a man of a like-minded and honest business partner.'

"'But,' I began, with the freedom of long acquaintance and the privilege to work both ways, 'if you had offered to divide the reward you would not have been alone.'

Jeff's look of dignified reproach stopped me.

"'That don't involve the same principles at all,' said he. "Mine was a legitimate, moral attempt at speculation. Buy low and sell high—don't Wall Street indorse it? Bulls and bears—what's the difference? Why not bristles as well as horns and fur!'

WHO IS SHUSTER?

How did an American named Shuster come to be Treasurer-General of Persia and Russia? Who is this Mr. Shuster, anyway?

The Mr. Morgan Shuster is a young American lawyer, thirty-four years old, who was appointed Treasurer-General of Persia a few months ago, on the recommendation of President Taft. Persia's finances were in a bad way. So the Persian government, thinking that the United States had no axe to grind in Persian affairs, appealed to Taft to send over a smart man to put the Empire's finances on a business basis. Taft picked out Shuster. That young man had already straightened out the customs and tariff mix-up in Cuba and also in the Philippines, when Taft was Governor of those islands. Shuster was handy, having gone back to Washington to practise law for a year, when the President advised him to go to Persia, he went.

Shuster took four other young Americans with him, and proceeded with a will to straighten out the Persian national finances. Russia didn't like the process. Shuster's friends allege that Russia and Great Britain sought to tie his hands. Russia wanted to have the Persian Government decided to seize the property of the ex-Shah's brother because he was a strong anti-Russian sympathizer. Shuster says, by Russian authority, that the property belongs to the brother, but it was finally made. This was followed by an ultimatum from Russia, that if Shuster didn't quit the Persian government has shown signs of backing Russia and Shuster hasn't, so, practically, Russia has declared war on him. Shuster claims he has been unfairly treated by the British Government. Britain, although he had been assured by both these powers that his appointment was satisfactory, has sent to the London Times long lists of acts committed by Russia, with the consent of Britain in Persia, which in the case of a stronger country than Persia would have been acts of war. Shuster claims that Persia is independent, and is sticking to his guns.

Young Shuster is six feet tall, broad in proportion, and looks like a cousin to an financial soldier of fortune of the Richard Harding Davis type.

MONTAGUE GLASS

Montague Glass, author of the Perlmutter and Patosh stories, is described as a husky individual, a semi-brunette sixfooter, with a clean-shaven face, well-trimmed eye-glasses, a six-horse power voice (muffled), a ready smile, a big handshaker manner. They say, too, he always sits by preference, in a Maurice chair.

Mr. Glass is not an American by birth. He first saw the light in England, but landed in New York at the age of seven and has been there ever since. He has a wonderful fund of information about the Jewish types he delineates. He knows them inside and kneeks about New York, constantly making observations of people like the original of Abe. He doesn't think there are any sudden successes. He says he walked many years before he could be "a man" in his opinion, and he believes his early ones were as good as those he is writing now. Most people will probably agree with him in this, for, as a matter of fact, they are getting a rather wonderful one. Mr. Glass did a little reporting, but has had really no newspaper experience to speak of. He says he always found it hard to write a story, and can't compose at a typewriter. His wife types for him.

Mr. Glass thinks America is the most interesting country in the world, and that the people of this continent are more intelligent than those of Europe. He considers that there now are four of the highest culture here in general, but that there is less stupidity and far more information.

THE CREWLESS SHIP

The German Naval League has just tested the work of an inventor of Nuremberg, a man who runs without a crew. A transmitter with a mast similar to that used in wireless telegraphy commands the ship, which works systematically during a period of hours. The ship turns to right and to left, backs and comes to a stop as if run by a man in the engine-room. Multi-colored lights show the manoeuvres to the land observers.

This practical invention is now under study in the German navy. Primarily destined for use in connection with the discharge of torpedoes, it is now under expert consideration as a medium for the control of dirigible balloons. Kites provided with photographic apparatus and steered by Hertzian waves will be a new accessory of the German army.

The Magic of Machinery

In the United States the motor car industry is growing by leaps and bounds, states Mr. Consul-General Bennett, in his annual report dealing with the States of New York, Jersey, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Whereas in 1908, 10,578 cars were turned out, the number of 1909 was 16,501, or an increase of 155 per cent. Mr. Bennett quotes from the Scientific American to show how this increase is due to the employment of specialized machinery, and to efficient organization. Instead of turning out a hand-built car with infinite trouble and pains, American workshops now produce from 30 to 40 cars a day, turned out by automatic machines, as it were. The following tells how some of the expedients for minimizing hand labor:

In the modern motor car factory the cold chisel and hammer are replaced by the pneumatic chisel and hammer, the energy grinder doing the work of the file, and a multiple of gang drills performing operations that formerly required the use of a dozen drill presses. The machine-shop machinery has well nigh become perfected, and in consequence most radical changes have been made in the methods of the machines used for boring and grinding the cylinders, and for facing off the crank cases and linding the flywheels.

Cylinder boring is accomplished by the use of a battery of boring mills, several of which can be attended to by one man. Nearly all cylinders for motor cars are now ground before insertion in the complete motor. This operation is believed to add much to the efficiency of the modern car. The crank cases of the majority of the motors of to-day are of aluminum. The operation of smoothing off the upper surface of the crank case is effected by means of a vertical mill and a disc, to which are attached several cutting shafts, and facing off of the entire surface by this tool, which is known as "crankhead," may be done with great despatch.

The treatment of bearings supplies an example of how by means of modern machinery the simplicity of the operations is done away with. Many motors are designed with two cam shafts, one being for the valves, the other bearing crank shaft, may make necessary as many as fifteen bearings in a single crank case. Many of these are of different sizes, and yet machines are in use which will cut or bore all of these at once. In addition to these, some of these machines are equipped with a universal spindle and cathead that will face off the upper side of the crank case at the same time. As the various bearings of the crank case will be located on three parallel lines corresponding to the positions that the crank shaft and cam shafts are occupy when assembled, only three spindles are necessary for each side of the machine. Each spindle is provided through but its length with slots in which adjustable cutting tools may be placed, and by setting these at the required distance apart the crank case bearings will be made when the spindles are removed and the bed to which the crank case is secured is moved to form the feed.

One of the most useful tools brought out by the modern car manufacturer is one that enables them to turn out a great amount of high-class work in the hands of a multiple or gang drill. The individual spindles of such a machine are connected to the power shaft by a pair of universal joints, and by means of these any drill may be moved to any place within a limited radius. When moved to the proper position the drill may be set and locked, and by adjusting the drill combination of positions of the different drills in one of several holes may be drilled in a surface at the same time. Absolute accuracy so far as the proper location of these holes is concerned is obtained by means of a jig. By means of such a machine properly set, one automobile factory can drill all four holes in the bearing caps of two connecting rods at the same time with scarcely any more trouble than would be required to drill a single hole. The same type of machine, when set for different work, can drill all the holes of different sizes necessary in the bearing caps of the crank case; and here too, the use of a jig makes the nearly automatic results that are obtained, than could ever be obtained by trusting to a workman's eye and hand.

The advantage of the gang drill is particularly noticeable when used on motor cast en-bloc, that is with all four cylinders cast in one piece. In one factory in which such motors are made, a double multiple drill is used with twenty-four drills, of which twelve are required in each cylinder may be drilled in two castings at once. This really means that the operator has to manipulate four valves of a motor at the same time and with no more attention from the operator than though he were simply fixing himself to one valve. This valve gringer is in reality a converted quadruple drill press, having the spindles driven by bevel gears connected to a common power shaft.

All the machines and tools described above are intended for the rapid manufacture of parts in quantities, but in order to obtain the greatest efficiency from a plant, these machines must be supplemented by a system that provides for the ready handling of the parts as they are completed, and the idea is to utilize the parts produced daily in the machines for the complete motor, without accumulating a stock of various parts for which there is no immediate need. It is only in the greatest efficiency has been carried to such a high state of efficiency in one of the large factories that a motor can be been completely assembled in one day by 30 men. The keynote to the system is team work and so grouping the men that three men can work on two cars at once, each knowing exactly what he has to do and being able to keep out of the way of the others.

These improved American methods, it is added, are about to be adopted in the United Kingdom, with a view to increasing the output of British cars.

"IN AVALON"

I, too, have been in Avalon,
And walked its shadowy groves
among,
And listened with Beauty, dead and gone,
And Love that lives in ancient song;
Yea, I have been in Avalon—
Therefore it is my brow is wan.

I have
Pale violet were the belting seas,
And violet, too, both peak and vale;
And unremembering rose and cloud
The heaven like a violet pale;
And cliff and mountain o'er the deep
Let down their streams as if asleep.

No sun I saw; I saw no moon;
But twilight seemed forever there,
With glimmering starlight all a swoon,
Above the blue and quiet air,
While all around, from east to west,
The consecration lay of rest.

Here saw I queens of old romance,
And shadowy kings of legend pass;
And on their brows and in their glance
I read their dreams as in a glass,
And, of my soul remembered yet,
The dreams have taught me to forget.

But in their hearts my heart could read
No memory of what had been,
Nor could I read on any face aged,
Or that they once were king and
queen;
They had forgotten all thereof—
The hate of earth as well as love.

Long time I spake them, dim, apart;
Long time I talked with queen and
king,
While through the heaven of my heart
Oblivion trailed a twilight wing,
And on my spirit's lifted brow
Was poured the peace that haunts it
now.

Yea, I have been in Avalon,
The faery isle mid faery seas;
Therefore it is my face is wan,
My heart at peace remembering these;
It may not be, and yet I seem
Forever waking from a dream.

THE MOTHER

I am the pillars of the house;
But a sycamore of the arch am I.
Take me away, and roof and wall
Would fall to ruin utterly.

I am the fire upon the hearth,
I am the light of the good sun,
I am the hand that rocks the earth,
Which else were colder than a stone.

At me the children cling their hands:
I am the "light of love alive.
Without me the heartstone stands
Nor could the precious children thrive.

I am the twist that holds together
The children in its sacred ring,
Their knot of love, from whose close
tether
No lost child goes a-wandering.

I am the house from floor to roof,
I deck the walls, the board I spread;
I sing the cradle song, warm and woof,
And shake the down to be their bed.

I am their wall against all danger,
Their door against the wind and
snow,
Thus when a woman laid in manger,
Take me not till the children grow!

NIGHT SONGS IN THE CITY—THE MOON

Above the smothering town she sails
remote,
So cool, so far, so careless, so apart—
She hears no cry from any choking
throat,
She knows not mad appeal nor breaking heart.

Straining tired eyes from this dim,
tortured place,
We strive—poor delvers in the city's
night—
To see reflected in her silvern face
Some dreaming gardens close whereon
she shines.

A DOUBTFUL JOB

Governor Harmon of Ohio, at the Governors' Convention at Spring Lake, dismissed a political rumor with an appropriate story.

"There is just as much truth in this rumor," he said, "as in the industry of Tired Tim.

"'Tim,' said a gentleman, suspiciously, 'I thought you had a job.'

"'So I have, sir,' Tim answered, looking up from a large glass of beer. 'I put on the dots in a domino factory.'

"'Well then, why aren't you working?' said the gentleman.

"'They're making double blanks today, sir,' said Tim.

"I always understood these summer girls were fickle—no constancy, you know—no lasting faith.'

"'Well?' said another clubman.

"'Well, by Jove!' said the first speaker, 'I proposed to a summer girl last August at Asbury Park, had no end of larks—bathing, moonlight strolls and so on—and now, you know—'

"He hesitated a long, long sigh.

"'Now, you know, by Jove! it looks as if I was in for a breach of promise suit.'

TELESCOPE HUBBY

Colonel Robert M. Thompson, at a recent dinner in New York, said of the feminist movement:

"The women who go in for this movement have usually poor sticks for husbands. But perhaps I should say, instead of poor sticks for husbands, telescope for husbands.

And then Colonel Thompson smiled.

"The telescope husband," he explained, "is the sort that can be drawn out, seen through, and then shut up."

The Mystery of the Hanoverian Coins

An Episode in the Career of James Fraser, One-Time Chief of Police of London

(By George Barton)

Some time in 1881, John Gold, a retired merchant residing at the Park, Brighton, England, who had been travelling abroad, was mysteriously effaced from the earth. He left on his way home and had taken a first-class carriage on the afternoon express train. But when the train reached its destination he was not in it. And no stops had been made at way stations! The railway guards said he had gone last seen somewhere between the Merstham and Balcombe tunnels.

When the railway company arrived at Preston Park a man, who gave the name of Lamon, alighted and claimed that he had been the victim of a murderous assault. He said that there were two other persons in the carriage with him, one of whom was disguised as a countryman. They had talked together on indifferent subjects, but when the train entered the Merstham tunnel someone had fired a pistol. Lamon said that before he knew what was going on, someone struck him on the head and he fell senseless on the floor. He averred that he remained in this condition until just before the train reached Preston, when he recovered consciousness only to find himself alone in the carriage.

His appearance bore out his story. He seemed dazed. He had lost his collar and tie, and from appearance of his clothing these articles had been torn forcibly from his person. The ticket taker at Preston Park said that Lamon was very emphatic in his denunciation of the railway company. The agent also noticed that the end of a watch chain was hanging from the boot of the injured man.

The police offered to accompany the man to his home, where they might get his deposition. He said he resided at Croydon, and that it was not necessary for them to go with him. They insisted, however, and he went to a girls' boarding school at that place, managed by his relatives. He asked permission to go into the house to change his clothes. The police granted this request and while waiting for him strolled about the grounds. At the end of fifteen minutes they regretted their generosity and went inside to seek their man. But he had gone. His relatives—who were very distant ones—had no knowledge of his movements. He told them he had to see a doctor at once, and then had quickly, if somewhat abruptly, disappeared hurriedly through a rear entrance of the school building.

The officers returned to Brighton very much benighted. Here they got very scanty information. Was them.

It was announced that Mr. John Gold had been murdered. His body had been found on the ground near the line of the railway within the Balcombe tunnel. The physicians who examined the corpse said that death had been caused by a fracture of the cranium, the theory was that he had been first shot by someone in the car, and that after a struggle had been thrown out of the train, thus receiving the wound which caused his death.

James Fraser, chief of police of London, gave the case his careful attention. He realized from experience that there were no problems more difficult to solve than these mysteries of railway carriages. But he was also aware that the merest trifle sometimes points the way to the guilty man. The finger of suspicion in this case pointed very strongly to Lamon, and up to the time Fraser was called in it was merely conjecture. But at night was against him, but innocent men have been captured from the fact that his incriminations.

Chief Frazer recalled that the guilty man in the famous Briggs murder had been captured from the fact that his photograph had been published in one of the London newspapers. Indeed, this case resembled the Gold murder in many of its leading aspects. Mr. Briggs was thrown from a railway carriage and killed. A hat was left by the murderer contained a lining on which was printed the name of a well-known English hatter. This clue led to the discovery and arrest of the culprit, although it involved a pursuit across the Atlantic ocean.

The chief felt that some similar clue might be found in the present instance. Accordingly he adjourned himself to the work of a minute examination of the railway carriage. The first discovery exceeded his fondest expectations. Two Hanoverian coins were picked up from the floor of the vehicle. That was a good starting point. A detective was next sent to the neighborhood where Lamon resided. Every shopkeeper in that section was subjected to a severe cross-examination. Most of them knew the man, but said that he had not made any recent purchases. A young clerk in a grocery store, however, said that he had talked with Lamon only two days before.

"What did he want?" asked the detective.

"He came here and bought a quantity of tinned goods," was the reply "How did he pay for them?"

"In gold."

"How did he pay for them?"

"Because it is so unusual, sir. After he had finished selecting his goods, he handed me two Hanoverian coins, saying with a laugh that he didn't suppose we would object to that sort of money. We didn't. We took them for gold and he was given 15s. 6d. in change."

The tells were now closing in around Lamon. When Mr. Gold's corpse had been found it was found that his watch had disappeared, together with about $500 in money which he had collected in London that morning as dividends on some stock he owned. Several persons were found who were willing to swear that they had seen the watch in Lamon's possession. The man was very bold, for he left a perfect trail of gold along the shops where he had spent the money. But when the police came to the grocery store, it was as though they had reached the end of a blind alley. No further trace of the fellow or his money could be obtained.

It has been said that there is no place in the world where a man can hide his identity more thoroughly than in the city of London. Lamon had disappeared as completely as though he had been swallowed up by the earth. Not only the city police, but also the detectives from Scotland Yard, were given orders to look out for Lamon. Day after day went by and they had only their labor for their pains. A photograph of Lamon was now published in one of the daily newspapers with the announcement that he was wanted by the police. With this was given a brief account of the murder of Gold.

At this time there lived in a Stepney lodging an engraver of the name of Park. He was quiet and retiring in his manner and seemed to have no desire to mix with the other lodgers. He was greatly esteemed by his landlady, not only because he was regular in his habits, but also (more important) because he was regular in payment for his lodgings. He kept his blinds down pretty much all the time, and the rent he wished to escape observation and also that rest and quiet were necessary for his work.

On the morning the newspaper picture of Lamon was published, the Stepney landlady passed by the door of her lodger and asked him if he did not think it was a remarkable case. He looked at the picture intently and also read the summarized account before he replied:

"No, I don't think there's anything wonderful about it."

"Goodness gracious, Mr. Park,' she protested. with the volubility of her class, "I think it's the most romantic thing I ever heard of in all my born days."

The engraver merely smiled.

"You never heard, Mr. Park, she cried; "just imagine a murderer being at large in the streets of London!"

"There is many a good thing," he commented, dryly.

"Yes, but we may be passing this Lamon in the street for all we know."

"Quite likely."

"And you don't think it's wonderful!"

He shook his head.

"Only a clever criminal getting the best of the stupid police."

"They say murder will out," remarked the landlady sagely.

"Don't you believe it," retorted the engraver. "That's one of those foolish maxims that sounds well, but it won't bear the test."

"But this fellow—this Lamon—will be caught sooner or later."

"Why?"

"Well, everybody will be on the lookout for him."

The lodger threw his napkin aside with a gesture of dissent.

"He'll be safer than ever," he said; "he'll be on his guard."

"You talk as if you knew him."

"I do, replied the lodger, "for, "and from my knowledge of the man he will not let the police get by him."

That afternoon the landlady met a friend who was a policeman, and recited the incident of the lodger had with her lodger at the breakfas table. The policeman in turn reported it to his official superior, and before twenty four hours had elapsed Mr. Park, engraver, was being shadowed by one of the James Fraser's plain clothes men. But he stood the test well. He came and went silently but there was nothing in his daily life that did not seem to stand the severest scrutiny.

The secretive lodger had a work bench in his room, equipped with tools, and at times he could be seen at work with a great shade pulled down over his eyes. Once or twice a man who was shadowing him lost the trail, but as the shadowed one promptly reappeared, no great significance was attached to these temporary lapses.

On the day Chief Frazer learned that a stranger had been seen in the vicinity of Preston Park, Brighton, making inquiries concerning the John Gold murder. The unknown person asked all sorts of questions, and was particularly anxious to know the whereabouts of the ladies who kept the girls' boarding school near Croyden. This, it will be recalled, was the place where Lamon had gone directly after leaving the train, and whence, on the plea of visiting his children, he had made his escape. It so happened that the school was closed for the short holiday. The pupils were at their homes and the ladies in charge were spending a few days in London.

There was great consternation the following day when it was learned that someone had entered the school. The third floor was reached by side windows, and after ransacking a number of rooms the intruder left by the rear door. Drawers had been pulled out of their places and the contents thrown about in confusion. The amazing feature of it all was the fact that nothing had been stolen. At least, that was the assertion of the lady, and they were in a position to know what they were talking about. They were maiden ladies of very precise and systematic habits. Indeed, they had a little book which contained a list of every article in the house. This included every piece of furniture, but also every ornament, every book, and every particular article of wearing apparel. They were so careful survey of the establishment and found everything intact. Thus but for the fright and the inconvenience of having their property disarranged, no damage had been done.

The police were at their wits' end. The murder was bad enough, but this burglary-breaking—to their official minds—seemed worse. It was a sacrilegious of the supernatural. It got on their nerves. But Chief Frazer, in his London office, was thinking and preparing to act. The day after the second scare at Croyden he sent for a trusted officer and gave him minute instructions.

That morning a plain clothes man called at the Stepney lodgings and asked for Mr. Park.

"I'm sorry," said the loquacious lady, "but he's gone to town."

"Then I'll wait."

The landlady was delighted—and more talkative than usual. She gave the visitor many details concerning the daily life of the Park. She was especially impressive concerning the workshop of her lodger and even contrived to let her visitor take a peep into the sanctum sanctorum.

"Oh," he murmured with a satisfaction that could be concealed, "It is just as I thought."

This emboldened the landlady.

"Might I ask you why you wanted to see Mr. Park?"

"Certainly," retorted the obliging caller, "I want him to tell me what he knows about the murder of Mr. Gold."

"Is this part of the preservation Mr. Park came into the house.

"My friend," said the officer, without any ceremony, "I want you to help me to arrest the murderer of John Gold."

The lodger smiled, showing a set of shining teeth.

"My dear sir," he replied, "your request is preposterous!"

"Not so much as you think," laughed the officer. "Let me see the backs of your hands." Mr. Park held out his hands out unthinkingly, and the next moment a pair of handcuffs had been slipped on unresisting wrists.

Mr. Lamon, alias Mr. Park, alias Mr. Gold, alias Mr. Lamon had come to the end of his string. Some contend that it was caused by his second foolish visit to the Croyden boarding school he went to secure some of the booty he had concealed on his first call. Others ind they are in the majority—lay it to his imprudence in leaving the two Hanoverian coins on the floor of the railway carriage.

THE ONLY CERTAINTY

While Italy's sons, amid hair-raising yells

Are making the atmosphere murky,
By dropping immense and unscrupulous shells

On African sections of Turkey,
We all of us ask: "What will Italy do?
Succeed in the Turkish Parte?—or else root it?"

Ay, which? All we know
About the whole story
Is: Books will be written about it.

While China, erect, with belligerent eyes,
(Old China, who seemed so rheumatic!)
Is making remarks, to our boundless surprise,
Indubitably democratic,
We murmur, "Won't Germany set her foot down?
Great Britain reproved—Russia knout her?—
Or some foreign State—
Oh, rats, better wait
For books to be written about her."

While aeroplanes wobble and wiggle and dip
Through lives that are fearfully chequered,
While those who are racing them continue to trip
A minute or two from the record,
We wait—will they presently soar with the birds
Or will the birds flutter without them?
And be wise
Serenely replies:
"See books to be written about them."

Oh, yes!—let to-day yesterday disarrange.
And age what I write ere you've conned it;
Let fashions in sleeves run the gamut of change
And fashions in hats run beyond it;
Yes, let—why should you and I be perturbed?
There's naught we can do (never doubt it)
But this: We can both
Declare under oath

That books will be written about it.
For so wags the world—some day truth may be told
And never need more demonstrating.
Perpetual motion may some day abound,
The tide be squared while you're waiting;
Some day we may spend all our week-ends on Mars,
Though I—(confidentially)—doubt it,
But—whether or not—
You can bet all you've got
That books will be written about it.

CHINA'S TOPPLING THRONE

The Men and Forces That Are Struggling Among the Ruins of the Manchu Dynasty

(By Stephen Bonsal)

In one of the old legends in which so much of the history of China is embodied, a sage who has tasted the elixir of immortality is asked to tell his age. "I count it not in years," he replies, "but by terrestial cataclysms." This legend is very old, and is, China. Today China is merely celebrating a birthday, and perhaps the Chinese are at least conscious of their birthright—that is, if all men are born free and equal and are entitled to the pursuit of happiness without regard for race or color or previous condition of servitude.

The recent history of China is the story of what a woman can do without the ballot. This woman who ruling four hundred million people is generally typed and classified as a conservative and a stickler for historical precedents, however, she never allowed her convictions to stand in the way of her whims, much less of her ambition. When she was a child in the nursery, the Empress Dowager, whose only child was dead, picked out with her unerring instinct the late Emperor Kwang Hsu to serve as her pupil on the throne. This choice was against all precedents and infringed upon all traditions. It is difficult to explain, shortly at least, the Chinese ideas of the Imperial succession, but it may be said that of this the central principle is that the successor must be of a later generation than the predecessor. Whatever else may be, it is something which the Chinese call the "progression of the generations" must be maintained.

The Manchu boy who became Emperor under the name of Kwang Hsu when he was in swaddling clothes, was the same generation as his predecessor. The astrologers howled and the geomancers predicted nearly all the terrible things that have since come to pass, as the result of this flying in the face of law and custom; but the Empress Dowager put through her little plan, and secured another lease of power which lasted twenty years. It would doubtless have lasted to the end of her natural days but for the war with Japan in 1894. The Empress, it is said, never believed that this war really happened. She classed it with the classic myths, and when poor Li Hung Chang came back from Shimonoseki, where he was wounded by a fanatical Japanese, and where he made the best terms he could obtain from the victorious enemy of his country, she took away his yellow jacket, and fixed him a sum which approximated to a million dollars for walking on the grass, a euphemism for his real crime of having bored her taught with bad newspapers.

Strangely enough, it was the Emperor, living in a seclusion which bordered on imprisonment, and a stranger to the actual government of which he was the titular head, who first saw or was drawn into the net by the intrepid reformers who pentrated to his imperial cell the lesson that the war of ronquest taught and the problems of government of the great empire. Those travelled and in a Western sense educated men of China, of the type of Yung Wing Sen recognized the necessity of borrowing at least over Western ideas—the ideas developed in the reasonings of the empire in the direction of self-defence, and they were very forcibly and convinced the Emperor that they were right, that this could not be done without a great increase of revenue. Lands, lands, mostly Manchus, who did not cease to exploit the country even in its grip on the throne. The young Emperor, so long passed over and ignored that it was generally thought he had not a mind, was convinced by the reasoning step. He summoned to him Yuan Shi Kai, the most promising of the younger Chinese officials, and at the time the rising hope of the moderate reformers. Many men had viewed Yuan Shi Kai from a Western standpoint, but it was generally conceded that here at least was one man capable of keeping a firm grasp on the reformed ideas the Celestial form of government was being transformed into one that would have a better chance to survive in this very earthy world. Kwang Hsu, hypnotized by Kang Yu Wei, determined upon a state stroke, and chose Yuan as the executor of his wishes. The military power at this moment, in the north at least, was centred in the hands of the Manchu general and viceroy, Jung-Lu. Yuan was given full power to proceed to Tientsin, where Jung-Lu was, to remove the Manchu general and to bring the army of Peking and reorganize the Emperor from his palace environment and the domination of the Dowager.

Exactly what took place in the following days is not quite clear, and of course the real motives of the principal actors in the drama are still more obscure; but enough is known of the facts of what took place, but the various versions of them, which are potent for good or evil in China to-day. It is quite certain that Yuan did not proceed to Tientsin in a "message to Garcia" frame of mind. It seems certain also that he gave Jung-Lu notice of the dangerous mission, and that the Manchu how-and-arrow soldier with his savage energy saved himself and his beneficiaries from trouble. While Yuan was proceeding leisurely to take command of the Chih-li troops, Jung-Lu brought a detachment of them to the king, took possession of the palace, placed the Emperor in the little island prison in the purple forbidden city, put the reformers to death—all except Kang Yu Wei, who miraculously escaped.

In this way the dynasty was saved and the era of all reforms in China was postponed for a generation. Yuan, as his reward for loyalty, Jung-Lu's daughter became the mother of the present Emperor's son, and Yuan, as a result of this affair was unfortunate. The friends of the unfortunate Emperor, of whom to-day Prince Chun, his brother and the present Regent, is the most prominent and influential, charged Yuan with a gross breach of trust and betrayal of the throne. And of course the radical reformers ascribed to him the role of Judas.

Until the death almost simultaneously of the Emperor and the Empress Dowager some three years ago, Yuan Shi Kai with great adroitness maintained his actual control over the course of events, but at the first meeting of the grand council after the institution of the regency, Yuan was most curtly dismissed by Prince Chun, who ordered him from his presence, and in a subsequent edict told him to go to Honan and to stay sick leg."

The result of the Manchu clan intrigue was that Yuan went into private life, was practically a prisoner on his estate, and the unfortunate Prince Regent was deprived of the co-operation he is in many ways the ablest man in the Dowager Empress had promulgated in her last days. In his reform work as Regent all impartial observers are inclined to give Prince Chun the credit for the best intentions and the most sympathetic attitude to the reform movement, and is in an extraordinary position which it is difficult to understand. To the Chinese he is their acting Emperor and at all events a free agent, but this is precisely what he is not and never has been. While Acting Emperor of the Chinese, he is but a junior member of the Manchu Clan Council, and as such bound by the rules of the Clan and fettered in all filial piety by the testament of the late Empress Dowager, who has not yet been buried, much less full. Face to face with the new Reform movement, Prince Chun promised Constitutional government by 1913, but when the first important step was taken and the Senate met in Peking last year, the proper delegates and the delegation of the reactionary elements soon became apparent. And it should be remembered that the reforms in the Senate was so impetuous and precipitate that its continuance and its support in the Lower House and a more popular body might well have been viewed with alarm. In a word the Senate, though one half of its members were elected and these by the vote of what had been regarded as the most conservative classes in society, proved in its attitude more radical than it was feared that even the popular assembly to come later on would be. A strong effort was made—and for this the Manchus were not alone responsible—to delay rather than hasten the institution of representative government. In a moment China was in a flame, the revolutionary spirit swept across the country like a prairie fire, and when the Throne yielded it was too late. A very large fraction of the Chinese had come to the conclusion that in a constitutional regime there was no place for a Manchu dynasty.

Clearly this is not the view of Yuan Shi Kai. Shorn of their power, he would like to keep the Manchus in power as useful stop-gaps, but in the situation as it is now shaping it is quite probable that the Premier will yield to the will of the people. No man has ever had greater power thrust into his hands than Yuan in the last few weeks—suddenly recalled from private life, with the fate of the long empire of four hundred million people and the immediate future of the Far East placed in his hands.

As above I have pictured some, but by no means all, of the phases of the Chinese situation. He would be a bold man indeed who would dare to predict the outcome. Inexpiable from the revolution are grave dangers to the peace of the world, and also, it should not be overlooked, potentialities of great good. It seems certain that the Manchu clan will never again rule the Chinese with a single eye to their personal interests. A European diplomat will never browbeat the Chinese government again to sell an integral province of the empire for three thousand muskets and rich cumshaws for the princes, as lignatiev did in 1859. Yesterday the Chinese were the greatest inert mass of humanity upon the globe. To-day the Chinese are aroused, vibrant, and ready to follow the reformers who have preached the gospel of New Nationalism in China, but it is the Chinese into a people who are mindful of their wrongs and are prepared to resist all future attacks upon their rights in their country and their right to live according to their own ideas of right living.

TASMANIA'S APPLE CROP

Tasmania is a great apple-producing country. In 1911 the apple crop of Tasmania was very close to a million and a half bushels of fruit. This was an increase of more than a third of a million bushels over the crop of 1909.

The estimates on the crop of the present year place the yield at less than it was last year, but there will be considerably over a million bushels. The greater portion of the fruit goes to Great Britain.

UNIFORM TRAFFIC RULES

Not the least of the things done by the conference of governors at Richmond, Va., was the adoption of a set of resolutions recommending uniform traffic regulations for the various parts of the country. The resolutions were drawn up by a committee of which Mr. Roosevelt himself was a member, and their wording shows a most praiseworthy regard for sanity and a practical knowledge of conditions. The resolutions not only show a proper regard for the opinions of the best class of automobile owners and drivers. The resolutions not only give a proper regard for the opinions of the best class of automobile owners and drivers. The resolutions not only give a proper regard as regard as a proper set of traffic regulations, but also show the consensus of opinion among those who are most in the habit of the opinions of the various recommendations, are best presented by the resolutions themselves, which are as follows:

"Whereas, the safety of the public is of primary importance, and the driving of horses and the use of motor vehicles by drivers which should be reduced to a minimum; now, therefore, be it further

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this congress that from sunset to sunrise all vehicles should carry at least one lighted lamp of sufficient candle power to be visible at a distance of 200 feet, so placed as to be seen from the front and left side, and a red light visible in the reverse direction; and, be it further

"Resolved, That the use in cities and villages of non-dazzling headlights on the front of vehicles be required by law, wherever the streets are adequately lighted; and

"Resolved, That the highways within the confines of the cities, towns and villages, as well as in the open country, are primarily for the public use; now, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That all users of said highways should have due regard for the rights of other users, the pedestrian has the rights of horse-drawn vehicles, the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles have the rights of the drivers of motor vehicles, the drivers of motor vehicles have the rights of cyclists, the cyclists have the rights of equestrians, and one and all should give each of the others; and, be it further

"Resolved, That the use of the motor carcass be thinly settled sections and in cities should be discontinued; and, be it further

"Resolved, That the unnecessary use of warning signals should be avoided, and that an adequate warning signal should produce an abrupt sound audibly audibly audibly

—The—

Raymond Leader

Published every Thursday evening at Raymond

Subscription $1.50 per year payable in advance.

Advertising rates on application.

Established 1902. Name changed from "The Raymond Raider to "Raymond Leader," June, 1911.

All official advertisements, such as By-Laws, Mortgages and Sheriff Sales, Assignments and Government and Corporation Notices, and all legal notices inserted once for 10c. per line, subsequent insertions 5c. per line.

All orders for discontinuing contract advertising must be handed in in writing to the office.

W. S. Berryessa.
Editor and Manager.

Thursday, February 22nd. 1912

Townsmen, improve your fences and walks, build a coal house, make home the most attractive place on earth.

Farmers, during the winter months you buy milk and butter and eggs, when you should be supplying city markets with these very products of the farm. And still you wonder how it is that you do not prosper.

Give one big boost for the Dry Farming Congress at Lethbridge, but give two BIGGER boosts for a bigger Raymond.

Trust Lethbridge to care for Lethbridge's interests. Let Raymond keep its power dry.

117 Dreadnaughts will be built in 1912—a splendid Roosevelttian attestation in favor of universal peace.

[illegible] weight of evidence seems to be that certain mischievous boys, heavily armed, nailed that strip of thin board, apparently jerked from the lid of a boot box, on the stub-toe nuisance between the hotel and the post office. Fortunately, this evidence absolves the town administration of what some might have interpreted to be a serious attempt at malfeasance.

The famous Gifford Pinchot has come out for Roosevelt. Poor Roosevelt!

Mr. Town Marshal, The Leader commends you for your fearless, courageous, impartial enforcement of law Be not weary in well doing.

Parents, keep your children off the streets after night fully sets in. A stitch in time may save a heartrending rent. Keep that clearly in mind.

The town marshal pledges his untiring efforts in ridding the town of all illicit transactions. Congratulations, Mr. Marshal. The best people, and that means an overwhelming majority, will be with you.

The ratepayers expect, they insist upon, results from the present town administration. Come, gentlemen, what have you in mind? Time is passing swiftly.

It requires no prophetic tongue to foretell a certain great future for Raymond. And yet how many substantial property owners seem wholly indifferent as to town improvement.

Must you "knock" something? Then "knock" yourselves, not your town or your neighbor.

The Leader suggests that some ingenious local brain invent an anti-prattler, to be worn by certain scandal-spreaders in town. It will pay.

All things come to those who wait—even one certain local "Hello!" girl whom you call. Be patient, please, for her coming is but a question of TIME.

Annual Financial Report of the Town of Raymond for Year Ending December 31st, 1911.

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS	
Cash on hand Jan. 1 1911	3813.76	Salaries	1904.02
Town Taxes Collected	4204.65	Office Expense	173.35
School " "	9755.79	Debentures	500.00
Water " "	965.20	Insurance	4.85
Poll " "	24.00	Water rental	927.00
Dog " "	32.00	Interest and Exchange	324.59
Arrears 1908 "	27.00	Rebates	39.90
" 1909 "	177.80	Health and Relief	232.05
" 1910 "	1477.75	Works and Property	1432.45
License "	485.00	Fire, Water and Light	635.70
Fines "	17.00	Appropriations to School District	10667.90
Sales	126.70	Repairs	277.40
Estray Pound	147.25	General expense	67.20
Int. on delinquent taxes	194.10	Bank Note	1650.00
Cemetery lots	35.00	Electric Light	4589.51
Bank loans	4850.00	License and Police	30.50
Electric Lights	3717.47	Interest on debentures	150.00
Rebates	5.00	By balance cash on hand	6449.05
	30055.47		30055.47

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Cash on hand	6449.05	Raymond School District	8200.00
Delinquent tax	2681.66	Town debentures	1748.71
1911 tax	5931.60	Bank of Montreal	5700.00
Electric light	1318.74	Knight Sugar Co. for Nuisance Ground	30.10
Cement	136.00	Accounts payable as per minute book	
Plank walk	160.00	Electric Light	412.90
Cemetery lots	60.00	Sundry accounts	315.60
Estray Pound	8.40	A. R. & I. Water Acct.	123.00
Team, Wagon, Harness	550.00	By balance credit	779.14
	17315.45		17315.45

WATER WORKS

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS	
Total cash received	44413.10	Total disbursements	45411.76
Water accounts due	133.50	By balance	133.50
Over Draft at Bank	998.66		
	45545.26		45545.26

WATER WORKS EXTENTIONS

Total Receipts	10000.00	Total disbursements	9720.81
		Cash on hand	279.19
	10000.00		10000.00

I hereby certify that I have examined the books of the Town of Raymond for 1911 and find same to be correct, to the best of my knowledge and belief, showing a balance of cash on hand of $6449.05

O. F. Urseghan,
Auditor.

Mrs. T. H. Gould has been confined to her room with rheumatics during the past week.

We want your trade. Raymond Merc. Co.

Mr. Ed. Holmes, of the Herald, Carlyle, Saskatchewan, was a visitor in town on Saturday last.

A number of the local bachelors have been after us about those "girls" that were to have been imported: "Nothing doing" yet fellows.

Mrs. Spence Young has been confined to her room during the week with la grippe.

A large number of people were in attendance at conference on Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Geo. Budd left on Tuesday for Utah. He will meet his wife at Salt Lake, where he expects to remain for some time.

It will pay you to buy your dress goods here because we have the right goods with trimming to match. Raymond Merc.

NOTICE TO STEAM ENGINEERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that examinations will be held at the undermentioned places by Mr. N. Marshall, a duly appointed Inspector of Steam Boilers for the Province of Alberta:

Raymond, March 12th, Town Hall.
Carlston, March 21st, Cardston Hotel
Warner, March 25th, Bradley' Hall.

at 10 o'clock, m. for the purpose of giving Engineers and Apprentices an opportunity of qualifying for Certificates under the provisions of the Steam Boilers Act, 1910.

Persons not already registered in the Province, who desire Application Forms, may obtain same by applying to the Department of the above named in person, and such Application Form must filled out, witnessed, and declared before a Commissioner or Justice of the Peace before examination can be granted.

John Stocks,
Deputy Minister,
Department of Public Works,
Edmonton, Alta.

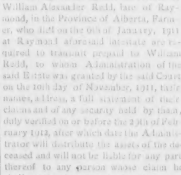
NOTICE TO CLAIMANTS AND CREDITORS.

In The District Court of the District of Lethbridge: In the Estate of William Redd, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the order of His Honor Judge Winter, dated the 17th day of January, 1912, that all persons having claims against the Estate of William Alexander Redd, late of Raymond, in the Province of Alberta, Farmer, who died on the 6th of January, 1911 at Raymond aforesaid intestate are required to transmit prepaid to William Redd, to whom Administration of the said Estate was granted by the said Court on the 16th day of November, 1911, their names, addresses, a full statement of their claims and of any security held by them, duly verified on or before the 23rd of February 1912, after which date the Administrator will distribute the assets of the deceased and will not be liable for any part thereof to any person whose claim he shall not then have received notice.

Dated this 17th day of January, A. D. 1912.

[Sgd.] William Redd,
Raymond, Alberta.
Administrator.



YOU'LL FIND IT RIGHT

because it's the same high quality, honest weight and sold at as low a price as the finest cuts of meat can be offered at anywhere. Spotless surroundings and modern methods of meat retailing will be found here. Enough said.

Peoples Meat Market
Turner and Speidel, Props.
Phone No. 32.

Farmers, support the sugar factory.

The local correspondent of the Herald has wantonly, maliciously, and with malice a forethought, plagiarized our campaign thunder against that stub-toe nuisance between the hotel and the post office. But then, let the merry work go on.

Local News Items

Mrs. Alex Crawford is very ill at her home with rheumatism,

Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish a number of articles this week, which will appear in our next issue.

BORN:-On Saturday, Feb, 17th, to the wife of H. H. Kimball, a daughter.

BORN:-On Tuesday, Feb. 20th, to the wife of R. W. Tollestrup, a son.

Eleven travelling salesmen stopped at Raymond Tuesday evening. It appears that Raymond is a haven for travelling men. "Good picking," they say.

Mr. Richard Skouson left on Monday's train for Pincher Creek, where he expects to spend several days.

Mr. J. G. Allred shipped two carloads of grain to the Eastern markets during the week.

Don Skouson, who was confined to his room with the mumps, and who was thought to be on the fair road to recovery, has taken a backset and is now very ill at his home.

The basketball game between Stirling and the K. A. boys will be played this evening at the Academy Gym.

Save your temper, also your pocket book, by buying your shoes at the Merc. They satisfy.

NOTICE: Hereafter, all theatres in the Raymond Opera House will commence at 8:45 sharp, unless otherwise advertised. Those coming in late will be obliged to remain in the vestibule until after the first act is over.

Mr. Harding Bridwerton arrived on Thursday evening last from Ogden, Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McMullin, who have spent the past two months in the "Mormon State," returned to Raymond on Friday.

Mrs. J. B. Wasden and daughter, Blanche, are spending a week visiting friends at Tabor.

The Mercantile is receiving daily, big shipments of goods for spring and summer trade. They are anticipating a good year.

Have you seen the samples for Spring and Summer Suits that the Merc. is showing? They are the best ever.

Mr. Wm. Stone received a shipment of thoroughbred White Orpington chickens this week from the Kellerstrass Poultry Farm, Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Stone expects to go into the chicken business right and anticipates raising a bunch of the best fowls to be had in the country.

In the near future the Jeanne Russell Co. will play an engagement in Raymond, and The Opium Eater will be put on as a matinee during their stay, the Jeanne Russell Co, contributing several vaudeville sketches between the acts of the performance. The matinee proceeds will be given to some one of our charitable funds.

The wrestling bout at the Odd fellows' Hall on Monday night between Del Ellison and Fred Smith was a very clever one. Both the boys showed some skill in the art of wrestling. It was a 30 minute bout, but neither gained a fall. We expect to see some good "stunts" of this kind in the near future.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you and make a man of you. [illegible] Don't let quacks

BY NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT

THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS

BEFORE TREATMENT AFTER TREATMENT

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY

We treat and cure VARICOSE VEIN, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BLOOD AND URINARY COMPLAINTS, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES and all diseases peculiar to men.

CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call write for a Question Blank for Home Treatment.

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we do not treat no patients in our Windsor address which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows:

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.

Write for our private address.

Do you own a Farm or Home

If not, let us sell you one on easy terms We have over 12,000 acres of good farm lands made up of farms containing from 160 to 640 acres at from $20.00 to $60.00 a acre.

We also have a number of good homes in town for sale, and the prices are so reasonable that you cannot help but buy if you will investigate, or we can sell you a good lot in any locality on easy terms.

If you are not particularly interested in a farm or home we have something that you are interested in, and that is MONEY. Money" we hear some say; yes money. We have a million or so to loan on farm or town property at reasonable interest.

Call and let us explain.

SECURITY INVESTMENT CO.

Geo. H. Budd, Mgr.

RAYMOND LEADER

POSTERS

BILLHEADS

LETTER HEADS

NOTE HEADS

CALLING CARDS

Municipal Work a Specialty

ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

Copyright, 1911 [By Small, Maynard & Co., Inc.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued)

A Born and Bred New Englander

THE rent was forty dollars a month and I signed a three years' lease before I left. The next week was a busy one for us both. We bought almost a thousand dollars' worth of furniture on the installment plan and even then we didn't seem to get more than the bare necessities. I say bare, for I guess that those furnishings cost so much. But if the bill had come to five times that I would have thought the installment's didn't amount to very much a week, and I already saw Morse promoted and myself filling his position at twenty-five hundred. I hadn't yet got over the feeling I had at eighteen that life was a big adventure and that a man with strong legs and a good back couldn't lose. With Ruth at my side I bought like a king. I don't know that I liked the idea of running into debt this didn't seem like debt. I had only to look into her dear blue eyes and my self-sale in buying the store itself. Ruth herself sometimes hesitated but, as I told her, we might die to-mor-row night and once for all as to go at it half heartedly.

The following Saturday we were married. My vacation wasn't due for another month so we decided not to wait. The old folks came down from the farm and we just called in a clergyman and we married in the front parlor of the aunt's house. It was both very simple and very solemn. For us both the ceremony meant the taking of a sacred oath of so serious a nature as to forbid much lightheartedness. And yet I did wish that the father and mother and aunt had not dressed in black and cried during it all. Ruth wore a white dress and looked very beautiful and didn't seem afraid. As for me, my knees trembled and I was chalk white. I think it was the old people and the room, for when it was over and we came out into the sunshine again I felt allright except a bit light-headed. I remember that the street and the houses and the cars seemed like very small matters.

CHAPTER II.

Thirty Dollars a Week

When, with Ruth on my arm, I walked up the steps of the house and unlocked the front door, I stepped into a new life. It was my first taste of home since my mother died and added to that was this new home which was finer than anything I had ever dreamed about. It seemed hard to have to leave every morning at half past seven and not get back until after five at night, but to offset this we used to get up as early as four o'clock during the long summer days. My salary was eleven dollars a week but we so had lost his job. They spoke of this Jamp-light. I gave up a city job, but *and she was bred in the country where getting up in the morning is no great hardship.*

We couldn't afford a servant, and we didn't want one. Ruth was a fine cook, and I certainly did enjoy the dishes after ten years of restaurants and boarding-houses. On rainy days, when we couldn't get out, she used to do her cooking early so that I might watch her. It seemed a lot more like her cooking when I could watch her put the dough and put it in the oven instead of coming home and finding it in dishes. I used to like to come home and sit by the kitchen stove until I had just time to catch the train by sprinting.

But when the morning was fine we'd either take a long walk through the big park reservation, which was near the house, or we'd fare over the gardens. We had twenty-two inches of radishes, thirty-eight inches of lettuce, four tomato plants, two hills of corn, three hills of beans and about four yards of peas. In addition to this Ruth had squeezed a geranium into one corner and a fern into another and planted sweet alyssum around the whole business. Everyone out here planned to raise his own vegetables. It was supposed to cut down expenses, but I noticed the market man always did a good business.

I had met two or three of the men at the country club and they introduced me to the others. We were all driving about the same salaries and living in about the same sort of homes. Still there were differences, and you could tell more by the wives than the husbands those whose salaries went over two thousand. Two or three of the men were in banks, one was in a leather firm, one was an agent for an insurance company, another was with the Standard Oil, and two or three others were with firms in New York. Most of them had been settled out here three or four years and had children. In a general way they looked comfortable and happy enough, but you heard a good deal of talk among them about the high cost of living, and one couldn't help noticing that those who dressed the best had the fewest children. One or two of them owned horses, but even they felt obliged to explain that they saved the cost of them in car fares.

They all called and left their cards but that first year we didn't see much of them. There wasn't room in my life for anyone but Ruth at that time. I didn't see even the old office gang except during business hours and at lunch.

The rent sealed my salary down to one thousand and eighty dollars at one swoop. There had to be some cut at least five dollars a week to pay on the furniture. This left eight hundred and twenty, or fifteen dollars a week, twenty-five cents a week, to cover running expenses. We paid cash for everything, and though we never had much left over at the end of the week and never anything at the end of the month, we had about everything we wanted. For one thing our tastes were not extravagant and we did no entertaining. Our grocery and meat bill amounted to from five to seven dollars a week. Of course I had my lunches in town, but I got out of those for twenty cents. My daily car fare was twenty cents more which brought my total expenses up to about three dollars. This left a comfortable margin of from five to seven dollars for light, coal, clothes and amusements. In the summer the first three items didn't amount to much and those weeks we put most of this into the furniture. But the city was new to Ruth, especially at night, so we were in town a good deal. She used to meet me at the office and we'd walk about the city and then take dinner at some little French restaurant and then maybe go to a concert or the theatre. She made everything new to me again. At the theatre she used to perch on the edge of her seat so breathless, so expensive, that I often saw the oldsters watch her instead of the stage. I often did myself. And sometimes it seemed as though the whole country seized to her charm.

These days were perfect. The only incident to mar them was the death of Ruth's parents. They died suddenly and left an estate of six or seven hundred dollars. Ruth insisted upon putting that into the furniture. But in our own lives every day was as fair as the first. My salary came as regularly as an annuity and there was every prospect for advancement. The garden did well, and Ruth became acquainted with most of the women in a neighborly way. She joined a sewing circle, which in twice a month chiefly, I guess, for the purpose of finding out about one another's husbands. At any rate she told me more about them than I would have learned in a year.

Still, during the fall and winter we kept pretty much by ourselves, not deliberately, but because neither of us cared particularly about whist parties and such things but preferred to spend together what time we had. And then I guess Ruth was a little shy about her clothes. She dressed mighty well to my eye but she made most of her things herself and didn't seem sure of the style. She didn't notice the difference at home, but when she was out among others, they made her feel it. I felt it, ever, spring came around again and we forgot all about those details. We didn't go in town so much in the summer and used to spend more time, on our piazza. I saw more of the men in this way and they seemed a good enough sociable lot. They asked me to join the Neighborhood Club and I did, more to please Ruth and her than because I wanted to. There we play 5 billiards and discussed the stock market and finances. All of them had visions for making fortunes if only they had a few thousand dollars capital. Now and then you'd find a group of them in one corner discussing a rumor that so and so had lost his job. They spoke of this *as they would of a sick friend. Some of those subjects interested me, especially in view of what I was looking forward to in my own family.*

In the afternoons of the early fall the women sent over jellies and such stuff to Ruth and I used to hear her talk with whispered advice. She used to repeat it to me at night with a gay little laugh and I used to feel sorry for her diamonds. She was happier now than I had ever seen her and so was I myself. When I got out of bed in the morning I felt very important.

I thought I had touched the climax of life when I married Ruth, but when the boy came his arrival took us a notch higher. And with him he brought me a new wife in Ruth, without taking one a bit from the old. Ruth became a girl and mother now, she revealed to me new tenths of womanhood.

She laughed then, too, what real courage is. I was the coward when the time came. I had taken a day off, but the doctor ordered me out of the house. I went down to the club and I felt more one of the neighborhood that day than I ever did before or afterwards. It was Saturday, and during the afternoon a number of the men came in and just silently gripped my hand.

The women, too, seemed to take a new interest in us. When Ruth was able to sit up they brought in number less little things. But you'd have thought it was their house and not mine the way they treated me. When any of them came I t it as though I didn't belong there and ought to tip-toe out.

We'd been saving up during the summer for this emergency so that we didn't have much left when I came to the nurse, but that was only the beginning of the new expenses. In the first place we had to get a maid to help Ruth. I secured a girl who knew how to cook after a fashion, for four dollars a week. Ruth insisted on this and I guess she was right. Most of them had been settled out here three or four years and had children. In a general way they looked comfortable and happy enough, but you heard a good deal of talk among them about the high cost of living, and one couldn't help noticing that those who dressed the best had the fewest children. One or two of them owned horses, but even they felt obliged to explain that they saved the cost of them in car fares.

They all called and left their cards but that first year we didn't see much of them. There wasn't room in my life for anyone but Ruth at that time. I didn't see even the old office gang except during business hours and at lunch.

The rent sealed my salary down to one thousand and eighty dollars at one swoop. There had to be some cut at least five dollars a week to pay on the furniture. This left eight hundred and twenty, or fifteen dollars a week, twenty-five cents a week, to cover running expenses. We paid cash for everything, and though we never had much left over at the end of the week and never anything at the end of the month, we had about everything we wanted. For one thing our tastes were not extravagant and we did no entertaining. Our grocery and meat bill amounted to from five to seven dollars a week. Of course I had my lunches in town, but I got

knew it would be facing the very same problem that confronted me. And that problem was how to get enough ahead of the game to give him a fair start in life. I realized, too, that I wasted less than I had thought I had done. When I stopped to think of it I had accomplished mighty little.

I had lived and that was my labor. That I had lived happily was due to Ruth. But if I was finding difficulty in keeping our end up in the game now, what was I going to do when the youngster would prove a decidedly more serious item of expense?

I talked this over with Ruth and we both decided that somehow, in some way, we must save some money each year. We started in by reducing our household expenses still further. But it seemed as though fate were against us for prices rose just enough to absorb all our little economies. Flour went up a dollar a barrel and theatre and dance. Personally, I didn't care about such things, but as Ruth had been my mistress and in consequence had been thrown more in contact with the women, she had lost her shyness and grown more sociable. She often suggested declining an invitation, but we couldn't decline one without declining all. Not only that, but we had no right to do this. She did more work than I and did not have the daily contact to have made her conscious of her would have been to make her little better than a slave. But it cost money. It cost a lot of money. We had to do our part in return, and though Ruth accomplished this by careful buying and by all sorts of clever devices, that item became a big one in the year's expenses.

I began to look forward with some anxiety for the next raise. At the office I hunted for extra work with an eye to some place where I might be found the work nothing came of it but extra hours. In fact, I began to think myself lucky to hold the job I had, for a gradual change of methods had been slowly going on in the office. Adding machines had cost us a dozen men their jobs; a card system of bookkeeping had made it possible to dispense another dozen, while an off year in woolens sent two or three more flying, among them the man who had filled the position in the first place. But he hadn't married and he went out west somewhere. Occasionally when work piled up again a young man would take on to fill the place of one of the discharged men. The company always kept a few hundred dollars in reserve for a shift for the lad never got the salary of the old employee, and so far as anyone could see the work went on just as well.

While these moves were ominous, as I saw my place was not being filled, I didn't disturb me very much at the time. I filled a little niche in the office that was all my own. At every opportunity I had familiarized myself with the work of the man above me and was on very good terms with him. I waited patiently and confidently for the day when Morse should call me in his presence his own age and promote me to fill his place. I might have to begin on two thousand, but it was a mere matter of five hundred, according to say nothing of what it led to. The president of the company had begun in the office and moved up the same steps that now lay ahead of me.

In the meanwhile the life at home was smooth in spite of everything. Neither the wife, the boy nor I was sick a day for we all had sound bodies to start with. Our country-bred ancestors didn't need a will to live in those. If at times we felt a trifle cheated, especially in the matter of clothes, it was wonderful how Ruth contrived to make us feel. She knew how to take care of things, and though I didn't spend half what some of the men spent on their suits, I went in town every morning looking better than two-thirds of them. I was inspected more too not for fear I started and there wasn't a wrinkle or a spot so small that it could last twenty-four hours. I shined my own shoes and pressed my own trousers, and Ruth looked to it that the buttons on my clothes were sewed on tight. Ruth was a girl who could turn a tie, clean and press it so that it looked brand new. I think some of the neighbors even thought I was extravagant in my dressing.

She did the same for herself and had enough left back of seasons to dress stylishly without really doing so. She had beautiful hair and this in itself was half the well dressed. As for the boy he was a model for them all.

In the meanwhile the boy had grown into a sturdy youngster and Ruth was in her prime in school. It made it lonesome for her during the day when he began to tangle off every morning at nine o'clock. She began to look forward to Saturdays as eagerly as the boy did. Then the next thing we knew he'd start off even earlier on that day to join his playmates. Sunday was the only day either of us had him to ourselves.

(To be continued)

THE MINCE PIE

I ran an' got th' little bench
An' stood right up on my tiptoe,—
'Twon't do to reach no further 'cause
They'll grab th' cookbord' is where I'll go—
I wish th' great big round Mince Pie
He wouldn't go an' climb so high!

If Little Boys jus' ate one crumb
Tonight,—is w'at th' Grown-ups said,
He'll dream all kinds a' horrid things

Have crept in underneath his bed,—
Soon as he shuts his eyelids to
They'll grab him an' say "How-do-dod!"

'Cause Ole Mince Pie,—he's dreffle rich,
He has th' bestest things to eat,—
He doesn't care for ugly tables
But he will take a lot of meat,
An' folks mus' stand an' chop an' chop
Till they're "most tired enough to drop!"

Th' reddest apples on our tree
They hanged theirse'fs away up high,
An' won't come down for any stone,—
Ma won't go for ole Mr. Pie!—
If he is swful rich—guess he
Must like an apple much as me.

Th' raisins on th' raisin-vine
All dingle-dangle in a row,
I wouldn't be afraid to shake them
They'd bes' to hurry up an' grow,—
An' never mind about th' seeds,
'Cause they ain't w'at a mince-pie needs.

Th' naughty little currants they
Ran out and played right on th' track,
An' got all pebbles in their shoes
That can give folks teeth a shakes,—
It takes a pair of real bright eyes
To make um nice enough for pies!

Some little Eastern darky boy
Climbed up a tree an' picked th' plums
N'en he mus' pound an' pound an' pound
Till it mus' be all fine an' nice.
I 'spect if he was real close by
He'd find a way to reach dat pie!

Right on th' toppest crust is where
Th' jiggling-iron went dancin' 'round
To make th' pretty ornament. Now Reedie
He steps light on that kind of ground,
'Cause it's jus' like th' snowflakes light
That tumble softly down at night.

Ain't nothin' left on earth that's good
That don't get is my Gran'ma's pie,—
Exceptin'—I heard Gram'ma tell
Th' Neighbor-lady—an' I know
W'en folks don't think it is a sin
They pour some "wicked stuff" right in.

THE FOOL THAT DROPS THE MATCH

(By Will Carleton)

It has been said that anywhere
The biggest fool afloat
Is he who makes a smoking-chair
Of some one else's boat;
But equal with him in the race,
The eggs of woe to hatch,
Is, in unknown or known disgrace,
The fool that drops the match.

What is't to him if, in his haste
A fragrant weed to try,
The folks of woman's pride and taste
Hang disappointed sigh?
What if a precious life recede
With flame-enhanced despatch?
He did not do the shameful deed:
He only dropped a match.

What is't to him if stores of wealth
In flame may disappear,
Or friends that walked in joy and health
May nevermore come near?
What if explosions upward spring,
Crying aloud with hatred, "Why
He didn't do much of anything:
He only dropped a match.

Incendiary—guilty one,
(Are yet not doing time),
You'll feel the heat before you're done,
That carelessness is crime.
But when your future home you view,
Behind the bars of iron,
No matter then how often you
May drop the lighted match!

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

The Russian biologist Mereschkowski has recently advanced a new theory of the origin of life which differs from all previous hypotheses.

It has hitherto been assumed, he points out, that the basis of all organisms is the protoplasm, composed of albuminous molecules, which are very sensitive to heat and cold. Now, however, science knows a whole world of minute corpuscles which do not need oxygen for their existence and bear the temperature of boiling water. They do not make the amoeboid movements characteristic of the protoplasm and seem to be immune to the strongest poisons, such as morphine, prussic acid and strychnine.

In composition this living matter, says Mereschkowski calls mycoplasm, must therefore be very different from protoplasm. Thanks to its extraordinary resistance, it could originate on earth long before protoplasm, and had already formed itself when the earth's surface was covered with seething waters from which oxygen was absent, and in which great volumes of poisonous gases were in solution.

Only after cons, when the oceans and the surface of the earth had cooled sufficiently to allow some of the metallic salts to crystallize, and when an oxygenous atmosphere had been created, could a higher form of life, the protoplasm, be called into existence. From this sprang the monera, the living and moving cells of jelly first mentioned by Professor Haeckel. These monera, though at first hostile to the older mycoplasm, were called upon to perform with the latter the first division of labor in the life carrying process, and they became finally the progenitors of higher forms of life. Protoplasm became the host of mycoplasm and formed the first type of cell, the latter constituting the nucleus while the protoplasm became the enviroing membrane.

COUNT VAY DE VAYA

Count Lord Abbot Vay De Vaya, of Hungary, who has given his life to the religious welfare of immigrants, is now on a visit to two United States. Count Vay recently was made Lord Abbot of St. Martin's Abbey, which is one of the important ecclesiastical estates in Hungary.

"When one considers the millions of immigrants who cross the ocean," said Count Vay, "it is time that something be done for their bodies and souls as aboard the vessels. They spend a great many days of their life at sea."

Count Vay is about forty years old and was educated in England. His father was Lord Chamberlain of Hungary. He entered the Church about fifteen years ago. He will visit Washington and will return on board the next Mediterranean steamship.

Pulpwood Production of Canada

There were fifty-one pulp mills in Canada in 1910, and these used 508,487 cords of wood. In addition to this 243,141 cords of pulpwood were exported in an unmanufactured state. For the first time, imports of pulpwood were reported; these were valued at $49,522.

Over 95 per cent. of the Canadian mills cut the pulpwood used by them from their own limits. The total value of the pulpwood used was $3,585,154, the average value being thus $6 per cord. From this pulpwood 474,604 tons of pulp were produced.

The total quantity of pulpwood used was 25,642 cords (5.8 per cent.) less in 1910 than in 1909, but owing to a higher average price, the value of the pulpwood was $121,574 greater than in 1909. There was in 1910 also a striking increase in the amount of pulp produced (per cord of wood, the average amount being about 145 pounds greater per cord of wood than in 1909.

Quebec easily leads the other provinces in the consumption of pulpwood. It has practically half the mills in Canada (25 out of 51), and these consumed 57 per cent. of the total amount of pulpwood used in Canada. Ontario, with 15 mills, consumed over one-third (34 per cent.) of the total. Nova Scotia ranks third for 1910 in the consumption of pulpwood with 29,606 tons to its credit, and New Brunswick used 17,000 cords of wood, little more than one-sixth as much as in 1909.

In the Province of Quebec the average price of pulpwood per cord fell to the extent of 35 cents per cord, but in all the other provinces, except British Columbia, prices increased, that increase amounting in the case of Ontario to $1.50 per cord; the 1910 price for pulpwood in Ontario was $7.35 per cord. The cheapest pulpwood in the Dominion was purchased in Nova Scotia at $3 per cord.

Spruce is still far in the lead as a pulping wood; it furnishes over three-quarters of the total pulpwood production, or 78.6 per cent. Balsam fir is steadily increasing in importance as a pulpwood, its share in 1910 being twenty per cent. of the total consumption was of this species. The quantities of poplar and hemlock were insignificant, amounting to one per cent. of the total. Hemlock was reported as a pulping wood for the first time in 1910, and in 1909 was used to a greater extent than poplar. Jack pine has not been reported as a pulpwood for the last two years.

The cost of pulpwood varies very greatly, some big millowners having all their own limits and the cost to them being merely a stumpage fee and the limit with transportation charges added. Other manufacturers have to buy in the open market, and add transportation charges to this price. Spruce was the most expensive species at $6.05 per cord, balsam fir following, at $5.85 over the 1909 price. Balsam fir fell fifty-five cents, the average price being $5.71 per cord. The price of hemlock was practically the same, and poplar increased eleven cents during the year.

The Canadian consumption was made up as follows:—Spruce, 70 per cent.; balsam fir, 28 per cent.; and the rest, hemlock and poplar. Nova Scotia alone cut these four species, but Ontario used only spruce, poplar and balsam fir, and New Brunswick and British Columbia used spruce only.

Almost four-fifths of the pulpwood manufactured in Canada in 1910 was made into mechanical pulp by the process, one-sixth by the sulphite process, and only 2 per cent. by the soda process. Ontario is manufacturing most mechanical pulp, but Ontario produces the greatest quantity of sulphite pulp, Quebec makes the greater quarters of the pulp made by the soda process.

Spruce is used in all three processes, and leads in all. Balsam fir is used only in the mechanical and sulphite processes in nearly equal quantities. Eighty-four per cent. of the hemlock was manufactured by the soda process and poplar by the sulphite and soda processes. Nova Scotia used only the mechanical process and a small quantity only of sulphite and soda pulp was produc d in New Brunswick.

The average amount of pulp produced per cord of wood by the mechanical process during the year was 1,900 pounds, while the sulphite process gave 997 pounds of pulp per cord, and the soda process 1,000 pounds of pulp per cord. Seventy per cent. of the wood used in the sulphite mills was spruce and the rest of balsam fir. Spruce, poplar and hemlock were used in the soda process.

The Canada pulp mills have the highest average consumption, viz.: 1,000 cords and in New Brunswick 3,783 cords. For the Province of Quebec the average consumption was 1,235 cords.

The export of pulpwood from Canada is steadily growing greater—an unfortunate fact, as the wood would yield greatly increased returns if manufactured in Canada. While pulpwood produced was less in Canada during 1910 than in 1909, exports of wood-pulp increased by 48,253 tons, an increase of some 6 per cent. Eighty-eight per cent. of the export was mechanical pulp, while only 78 per cent. of the pulp manufactured in Canada was mechanical. The export of chemical pulp also shows an increase.

The average value per ton of the pulp exported in 1910 was $14.67 for mechanical pulp, and $16.35 for the chemical pulp. This is a drop of seventy cents over the 1909 price for mechanical pulp, but the price of chemical pulp increased $2.64. The average price for all wood-pulp exported was $17.31, or fourteen cents less per ton than the 1909 price.

Of the wood-pulp exported during 1910, three-quarters went to the United States, this country taking 74.3 per cent. of the mechanical pulp and over 99 per cent. of the chemical pulp exported. Exports to other countries decreased.

All the pulpwood exported in an unmanufactured state went to the United States.

About 4,000 cords more wood were cut for pulp in Canada in 1910 than in 1910. The total quantity of pulpwood cut in Canada was 1,541,628 cords, and of this over three-fifths was exported. The amount paid for this wood exported was $6,210,942. If this wood had been manufactured into pulp in Canada the amount received for it, at the average prices paid in 1910 by the United States importers of wood-pulp, would have been $13,528,481—over twice as much as was received for the pulpwood.

The pulpwood exported from Quebec, it is calculated, was sufficient to supply pulpwood for 4 years to the pulp mills of the average size of those operating in the province. Ontario's export would have kept running five mills of the average size of those operating in that province, while, had the 90,000 cords shipped from New Brunswick been manufactured in that province, twenty-four mills of the average size would have been required for five times the number of mills operating there would have been busy.

PETER LYALL AND SONS CONSTRUCTION CO. BOND ISSUE

Winnipeg interests are an important factor in a very popular incorporation at Montreal, the Canadian directors of Peter Lyall and associates are involved. Under the title of Peter Lyall and Sons, Construction Co., large interests are being capitalized to the extent of a city $5,000,000.

What is not generally known is the fact that Peter Lyall and associa s do not receive a dollar piece for their interest in the new company, but are content to take the entire preferred stock, which, of course, ranks after the bond issue in exchange for their company. The bond issue will be $1,250,000 5 per cent. interest, due in 20 years. Preferred is $1,250,000 6 per cent., and the common stock $1,750,000.

The public issue, which may be made in the course of the next two or four weeks, will be an issue of bonds with a common stock bonus. As the Lyall interests are exchange for their company, the bond issue will be $1,250,000 6 per cent. interest, due in 20 years. Preferred is $1,250,000 6 per cent., and the common stock $1,750,000.

The public issue, which may be made in the course of the next two or four weeks, will be an issue of bonds with a common stock bonus. As the Lyall interests are exchange for their company, the bond issue will be $1,250,000 6 per cent. interest, due in 20 years. Preferred is $1,250,000 6 per cent., and the common stock $1,750,000.

The entire bond issue will be available for working capital, and will permit the company to double its present capacity. Capital of the old firm was $500,000. The company has current assets valuable at about one million dollars. Behind the bonds is $650,000 in Winnipeg real estate, about $500,000 of which is the new Transportation building in Montreal, and all the company's plant and equipment throughout the cities of Canada.

The board of directors follows: Peter Lyall, William Lyall, Lyall Jr., M. Greenfields, and H. W. Beauclerk.

CHAMPAGNE AND ELECTRICITY

The idea of using a wireless telegraphic station for the purpose of "aging" cognac or clarifying champagne is, at first thought, fantastic, but is being seriously considered.

Many years ago chemists conceived the idea of utilizing the action of electric energy of high frequency in the perfumery industry, producing a kind of electrolysis, which, in a way as yet unknown, unites and combines all the diverse essences that enter into the composition of a scent.

The experiments required some interesting experiments recently undertaken in France. An electric generator of high frequency is installed in the storerooms, warehouses, and wine vaults to send Hertzian waves all around the bottles, by this new wholly different process, which is expected to accumulate mount the cork.

The apparatus used for the application of the Hertzian waves is kept a profound secret by the manufacturers.

MINING IN THE STONE AGE

It is known that many of the mines now worked were worked by the prehistoric miners, who, however, miners did nothing but continue work begun by the Gauls, who were habituated to the use of metals.

The first mining was done in the Stone Age. The mines of cobaltiferous copper in Spain are of the prehistoric time. These mines are distinguished by a singular arrangement of the galleries, consisting of horizontal galleries along the sides of the mine there are vertical chimneys, like those of wild beasts, in the metal strata. The arrangement of the primitive shafts may have been planned to make it easy for the miners of the mines to watch the slaves as they worked, and also to prevent the entrance of wild beasts. The mines were worked in prehistoric times was demonstrated by the discovery of fifteen skeletons of children, presumably, were killed by a cave-in. Some of the shafts were sunk in the walls of the places in which they worked. The veins of clay were removed by the hoes as is shown by innumerable finger-marks.

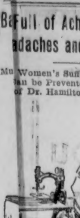
A FINE ARRANGEMENT

"By Jove! Skeezicks," said Hobson, as the car ran smoothly along the highway, "it is really a pleasure to ride this way. No overspeeding, no carelessness—how on earth did you ever break a chauffeur in like this?"

"Why," said Skeezicks, "it was simple enough. I pay him five dollars extra with the understanding that all fines are to come out of his wages."

Bu ull of Aches adaches and Depression

Mu Women's Suffering is Needless an be Prevented by the Use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills



That like Pain in the Back is Salvation of Kidney Trouble

Mrs. Rodriguez writes from Iowa: "For my part I suffered with failing gall and nagging backaches. My clothing grew steadily worse, my limbs became bloated and shaky, I was weak and thin, felt rheumatic painfulness and chills. I unfortunatelhin't suspect my kidneys and really dead when I discovered the cause of my sufferings. I read so about the wonderful health and relief that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills that I felt sure they d help me. Such blessings or health and comfort I got from Dr. Hamilton's Pills I can't describe. They speedlut me right, and their steady use kept active, energetic, strong and ly. I strongly urge others to use regulend tone their system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut."

No ter medicine exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills for the cure of indigestion, constipation, flatulence, liver bladder and kidney trouble. Refuse substitutes. Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. 100, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Buffalo, N.Y.

R WALTER'S PIPE

The an pipe that Sir Walter Raleigh ked up to the time of his executhus just been sold in London fortely $100. The purchaser was Alfred Dunhill, of London. Two years $1,000 was offered for the pipe ought. Its value was reduced ederably by the loss of a barpoint giving its history. The pipe is as ports, the stem, the bowl, bowl and a piece into which both stem bowl fit. It is a foot in length, weighs a trifle more than of Ind. dogs, and what appear to be marks are carved on it. Attached to item as part of it is a whistle that gs a shrill call. The entire

Cellule water towers adopted by the Berlin department are but half feet lesthen closed, yet can be extended brow a level stream of water into a low on the eighth floor of a building.

Wherever Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try It for Red, Weak, Watery and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Is Compounded by Oculists. Murine Is Guaranteed Not Injurious—Not Anything Medicinal—but is successful in the Treatment of Eyes Not Needing Glasses. Murine Is Not Injurious to the Eye. Murine Is Not Anything Injurious to the Eye. Murine Is Not Anything Injurious to the Eye. Murine Is Not Anything

UNRESERVED
AUCTION SALE

Alberta Stock Yards,
Calgary.

Thur., Feb. 29th, 1912.
at 12 o'clock sharp

750 Head of Horses

Carload Lots of Yearlings.
Carload Lots of Two-Year Olds.
Carload Lots of Mares & Geldings
Carload Lots of Suckers.

Well matched Teams of Mares and Geldings of Clyde and Percheron Breeding.

80 per cent of this 750 Head are Mares, also 50 Heavy Work Teams, General Purpose Teams, Single and Double Driving Horses, Saddle Horses, etc., etc.

This is an exceptionally good bunch of horses, with plenty of Bone and Feather, and anyone in want of good horses will do well to attend this sale.

TERMS CASH.

NO RESERVE

A. LAYZELL, Auctioneer
106 Sixth Ave., East, Calgary.
Phone 2273.

WANTED

A live Representative for every city, town and district in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Special inducements for Western men, good pay, exclusive territory, free equipment, hardy stock, thoroughly tested.

STONE and WELLINGTON,
Toronto, Ont.
Est. 1837.

TOBACCO HABIT

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue occasionally. Price $2.

LIQUOR HABIT

Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure guaranteed.

Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

NECIA
In "The Barrier"
Opera House Friday Feb. 23rd.

FULL WEIGHT
is one of the advantages you get when trading here. The choicest cuts of carefully selected meats, courteous service, and prompt delivery are a few of the others.

OUR PRICES
are as low as judicious buying of the best qualities makes possible. Send us your order and prove that we give satisfaction to every patron.

Piepgrass Bros., Props.
PHONE NO. 17

LIFE INSURANCE Representative Required

for Macleod District. Only good producers need apply. State references and experierience. Good opportunity for capable person.

J. W. W. Stewart,
Managing Director,
The Monarch Life Assurance Co.
Winnipeg, Canada.
(Communications Confidential.)

New Years'
Congratulations
are due the contractor who uses our lumber, for there is little doubt but what 1912 will be a happy year for him, if a full supply of the highest grade stuff, prompt and reliable service count for anything. Our stock is always full and ready for all demands that may be made upon it, and we can always furnish on short notice in large and small quantities, etc., anything you want.

Gordon & Stark.
PHONE NO. 77. BOX 137

Business Cards.

T. J. O'BRIEN
Licensed Auctioner.

Wm. Paris
Tinsmith and Plumber
RAYMOND - ALBERTA

Geo. H. Budd
Notary Public and Legal Work
PROCESS ISSUER
REAL-ESTATE
Fire and Life Insurance
LOANS MONEY

Professional Cards.

Dr. J. Elmer Amos
Dentist
D.D.S. University of Toronto
L.D.S. Royal College Dental Surgeons of Ontario
Graduate of Dominion Dental Council of Canada.
Office Broadway and 2nd north.
Hours 9 to 12, 1 to 5. Evening hours by appointment only.
RAYMOND, - ALTA.

W. LAURIE
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
Solicitor for the Town of Raymond
Will be in Raymond, first Friday in every month.
Office: Card Hotel

D. A. TAYLOR, M. D., C.M.
Specialist,
Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat.
Stafford Block, Lethbridge.
Office hours; 9.30 - 12, A.M.
2 - 5 P. M.
7 - 8 P. M.

Raymond Opera House
Orchestra
—Five Pieces—
Lief Ericson
Conductor.

Money to Loan
ON
Farm Property

If your present loan is not satisfactory, communicate with us.

The Prairie Agencies, Ltd.
615-15th St. South,
Lethbridge, Alta.

A. R. & I. COAL.

R. & I. COAL

Right price, good weight, and fair treatment.

I have from one to two hundred tons on hand all the time.

Call and get it at $5.15 per ton, or I will deliver it to your house at $5.65.

Special price on car load lots.

Call at the Elevator or phone 79.

R. A. FETTIS.

Mr. Good Dresser

We would like to let you know that we have received our samples for Made to Order Clothing.

For Style and good Tailoring we excell

For Coloring and Fabrics we have all the late ones.

TIME at once.

PLACE

Raymond Mercantile Co.,
LIMITED.
WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THESE PIANOS

WE ARE STILL OFFERING

Dress Goods reduced 30 per cent.
Ginghams and Galicoes 25 per cent.
Men's Overcoats and Sheep-Lined Coats 25 per cent.
Ladies' and Children's Coats 30 per cent.
Dancing Pumps 40 per cent.
Hockey Shoes 20 per cent.
Boots and Shoes to Clear 25 per cent
Heaters reduced 30 per cent.

WE MUST MAKE ROOM FOR SPRING GOODS.

The O'Brien-Nalder Co.
The Corner Store Phone 13